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# COUNTRY LIFE

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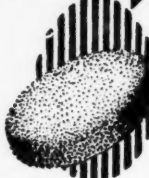
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## EDITORIAL NOTICE

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

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## Is Foot and Mouth Disease Carried by Migrating Birds?

THIS is the title of a remarkable article contributed by Sir Stewart Stockman and Miss Marjory Garnett to the November number of the Journal of the Ministry of Agriculture. Although, at a first glance, the possibility of birds carrying the germs of foot and mouth disease may seem improbable, the suggestion cannot be overlooked, considering the authority of those by whom it is being investigated. Sir Stewart Stockman, needless to say, is the Chief Veterinary Officer and Director of Veterinary Research in the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, a position he has held since 1905. His coadjutor, Miss Marjory Garnett, is an authority on migration and other bird movements. The article, again, is given first place in the November issue of the Journal, a publication noted for the care and accuracy of its contributions. The two authors do not write at all dogmatically; on the contrary, they seem to have tried faithfully to see whether a negative to the suggestion could not be established; but this, at any rate, has not been done. The conclusion reached, if not a positive verdict, regards it as being at least possible. "There would appear," they write, "to be most remarkable relations, both as regards seasons and localities, between the movement of birds and the initial outbreak" of foot and mouth disease

in Great Britain. This is qualified by the admission that some of the outbreaks do not correspond with what are believed to be the known facts as regards bird movements, but as the facts are admittedly incomplete, that is not saying much. Probably there is no man in Great Britain who has had more experience of foot and mouth than Sir Stewart Stockman.

To understand the question, it is necessary at the beginning to discriminate between two classes of outbreak, those which are described as "initial," and those which have been identified as ramifications. The latter may be dismissed, as their classification is determined. If a disease starts at one farm and spreads by means which can be traced to the farm next it, there is no room for discussion about the cause of the outbreak. It is different in the cases of foot and mouth disease which arise simultaneously in various parts of the country very remote from each other and having no possible connection except, it may be, through the same agency, whatever it be, whereby the virus is carried long distances and in certain directions. Sir Stewart's summary of the precautionary treatment is that while there is disease the entry into Great Britain of ruminants and swine is totally forbidden; so is the importation of straw and hay from any infected countries. In spite of these barriers, cases which are described as "initial" cases or invasions, continue. As all outbreaks are dealt with by slaughter, there is no question of an animal recovering from the disease and spreading it afterwards.

The case against the birds can now be examined. The inspectorate staff of the Ministry of Agriculture, from actual and personal observation, prove that, in outbreaks of ramification, birds have been responsible for carrying infection. This they do, supposedly, by feeding at the troughs used by affected animals at pasture and afterwards visiting other farms. Birds are not very susceptible to the disease, but by frequenting infected pastures they may contaminate their feet or plumage with the virus and afterwards carry it long distances. They might even swallow it and afterwards spread the disease by their droppings. Of migrating birds it has to be asked and determined where they might catch the infection. Those coming from the continent of Europe are more likely to be responsible than birds from the North, and this, if we may argue *ex hypothesi*, is confirmed by the fact that in the district north and west of a line drawn from the Wash to the Bristol Channel, there have been twenty-seven initial outbreaks; and in the district south and east, fifty-two, that is to say, nearly twice as many. Of the fifty-two, thirty-six have occurred east of a line drawn north and south, through the Isle of Wight. From the south and east there are two annual migrations—the spring one from the south of birds returning to summer quarters in the British Isles (this movement begins about mid-February and lasts through March, April, May and sometimes even into June); the second is the "east to west" autumn migration of birds crossing the North Sea from the shores of Belgium and Holland. A table is given of the number of outbreaks occurring in each month over the whole period 1900-21, and also the number in each year in which outbreaks have occurred. The second set of figures shows that the outbreaks are of highly regular occurrence, averaging about four in every year. The greater number of initial outbreaks have occurred in the periods when birds are coming to England by the "east to west" migration route.

The species of birds likely to be carriers are rooks, jackdaws, starlings and skylarks. Starlings in particular like to haunt fields in which animals are at pasture. It is impossible here and now to follow the two authors in their analysis of the facts with regard to summer, autumn and winter migrations.

## Our Frontispiece

A PHOTOGRAPH of Captain the Lord Carnegie, Scots Guards, and the Lady Maud Carnegie, whose marriage took place at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on Monday, is given as a frontispiece to this issue of COUNTRY LIFE.

\* \* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



## COUNTRY NOTES

**T**HURSDAY next, if all is well, will witness the crowning and triumph of the efforts that have been made to secure a great addition to the Box Hill estate as bequeathed to the public by the late Mr. Leopold Salomons. On Thursday, November 22nd, Lord Grey of Fallodon, acting on behalf of the National Trust, will take over the estate, which will henceforth be the property of the public. It need not be said here that no one in Great Britain could more suitably perform this ceremony. He has every kind of fitness. In addition to the brilliant gifts which have earned him a foremost place among the statesmen of his country, he is a great open-airist, one whose love is placed on river and hill, wild moorland and the sweetness of rural life in Great Britain. To say that the estate at Box Hill is worthy even of him is to give it the greatest praise. Yet, it is praise fully deserved; it would be difficult, indeed, to discover any spot in England which unites so many charms. There is not only that of the ground, with its lovely trees, charming primitive-looking woodland tracks, its plants, flowers and wild life, but there is also the outlook. From the lower stages of the road by which it is approached, scarcely less than from its commanding heights, there are exquisite views to be had of a part of England still primitive and rural; scarcely changed at all from the time when Chaucer's mixed company of pilgrims wended their way to Canterbury along the base of the hill, with minds laughing, serious and devotional almost at the same moment. They will troop by in the imagination of many a one who now is entitled to claim a part in this goodly heritage.

AMONG the poems of Mr. Thomas Hardy is one dated 1870, which has for refrain:

When I come back from Lyonesse,  
With magic in my eyes.

The cause and nature of that magic will be easily guessed by those who know his biography. Once more he has made the golden journey to Lyonesse and again returned with magic in his eyes, but the Lyonesse this time is not a place geographically defined, but a land of romance where Tristram dwells, himself immortal, and in the company of Iseult the Fair and Iseult of the White Hands, they, too, immortal. The magic in his eyes this time is due to the fact that he has come back from Lyonesse with a capture made on the shore of old romance still haunted by these deathless figures; in other words, he has made a version of the Tristram and Iseult love story, published and played on Thursday last and found as fresh and brilliant as a coin new minted. He began his little play in 1916, and brought it to a finish in 1923. The feat he has performed deserves more than a brief chronicle. It would have been extraordinary for anyone of eighty-three to perform at all, but to do it with Mr. Hardy's concentrated power, classical economy of words and immeasurable humanity and

sympathy falls nothing short of a miracle. Since the legend first came into being it has been a subject and theme for the most distinguished poets, painters and prose writers of the thousand years of its existence, yet Mr. Hardy has treated it originally. Its freshness is due to his fidelity to his own personality and the clear eyes that look out from it. Had he been the first and only begetter of this romance, it could not have been more peculiarly his own. This is genius, indeed, and an achievement that adds to the laurels of one who was already the most distinguished writer of his day.

**L**AST week a reference was made in the article on Horwood House to a painting there by John Martin, in his day the creator of unparalleled sensations by his pictures, and now almost forgotten. Curiously enough, a life of him has just been written by Miss Mary Pendered, causing him to live again in his circle, comprising Dickens, Leigh Hunt, Allan Cunningham, Cruickshank, Jerrold and Ainsworth; with Lamb and Hazlitt as critics, and kings as patrons. The book is based on a newly unearthed memoir of the artist by his son, and is full of anecdotes of the wits and *cogniscenti* of the time. It recalls, moreover, his idea for a Thames embankment and an underground railway as early as 1845, on the line of the Inner Circle of to-day. Some time an attempt may be made to assign Martin a place in English art. At present he is a ghost. His tremendous compositions, representing Biblical catastrophes, such as the Deluge, Belshazzar's Feast, and Babel, or purely imaginary landscapes, like *The Plains of Heaven*, created enthusiasm in the mass of men and women scarcely believable to-day. Railings were placed before his paintings and exhibitions kept open for weeks after their appointed time, to enable the streams of his admirers to gratify their appetite. The nature of this appetite was not æsthetic. Rather, they flocked to Martin's pictures as to an orgy of sentiment. Towering columns, huge cities, waterspouts, tempests, acts of God of every degree of horror, and a flitting terrified population passing like wraiths across vast plains; these were Martin's materials. Beauty of form, design or draughtsmanship Martin did not show, and thus his work has been forgotten. But he was a phenomenon.

"MOUNTAINS DIVIDE US, AND A WASTE OF SEAS—"

At times I remember the crying gulls, and the trawlers mast  
by mast

In the harbour that smells of herrings and peat as one walks  
along the quay.

The slap of the waves against the pier, and a small boat "making  
fast,"

While out beyond the harbour-mouth the great Spring tides  
sweep past—

Yes, I remember at times, and oh! the longing that comes  
to me.

The longing to cross the Minch again—the longing that those  
who know

The island of heather and mist will share, be they half the world  
away

From the lonely, unforgotten moors that they left so long ago  
And the hills beyond the small seatown past which the Spring  
tides flow—

The old, old longing to just "Go back," go back to our hearts  
one day.

M. B.

**L**AST week the last snuff mill in Scotland stopped work.

For two hundred years it has, at Juniper Green, near Edinburgh, turned out "sneeshin" for the consumption of the native Scot. It was a thriving concern for at least the first half of Queen Victoria's reign; then it began to decline and for years past has been a lingering rather than a living industry. Here and there, particularly at the older fashioned hotels in Scotland, one comes upon a casual acquaintance who still carries a mull and offers a "sneeshin" to his friends and even to a chance acquaintance who has won his favour, but as an industry snuff-making has died out, having yielded place, perhaps, to the wicked little cigarette which has had the cunning to worm its way into so many affections. The much ornamented snuff-box so much praised by our forefathers will now attain to

the increased value which comes from total disuse. It need not be apprehended that the snuff miller will be broken. Curiously enough, in Scotland and in the Borders, the snuff mill and the flour mill were often worked together; the snuff mill at one end and the flour mill at another, so to speak. The ruins of both may be traced in several places, of which the old town of Berwick-on-Tweed is one. Sometimes the corn mills have stopped for a year or two and then come back to life, but we doubt whether there is any return for the snuff mill. It symbolised a habit which was not consonant with the cleanliness which more instructed generations insist upon. Although it is true that some of the dandies of their day could perform the act of snuff-taking gracefully and gallantly, there was very little art in the manner of partaking adopted by the general.

IT must be a long time since either University fifteen was so embarrassed with riches as is Oxford this winter. Within a short span of time Oxford has beaten Newport, Leicester, Gloucester and Blackheath. That would have been a remarkable achievement if accomplished by one team, but it is hardly too much to say that it has been accomplished by four different teams. The captain has so many fine players to choose from that he has been endlessly ringing the changes. He has thus probably been able to avert the attack of staleness which must otherwise have followed four such hard matches in quick succession; but it is a process that cannot be continued for ever, and he will soon have to harden his heart and leave out those who have got to go. Oxford have been so brilliant and Cambridge have begun getting into their stride so slowly that there are already those who prophesy a Cambridge victory. University matches are, indeed, perverse things, the law of "contraire" seems often to decide them. It is, however, difficult to imagine that Oxford will be beaten, even though Cambridge are an improving side. The Oxford backs have, so far, shown a genius for taking their chances, even though, as in the Blackheath match, they get comparatively few of them.

MEANWHILE, Rugby football matches, in general, have fallen under the shadow of an impending quarrel, such as fell out between Scotland and Wales in the days of A. J. Gould. Last year, when the Newport team went through the season unbeaten, each member of the side was given a twenty-guinea gold watch, with the sanction of the Welsh Union. One of them is a Scottish international player, Neil McPherson. The Scottish Union ordered him to return his watch to the givers; when he, not unnaturally, refused to do so they suspended him, and this involves a veto on any Scottish player playing against any member of the Newport Club who received the fatal watch. There are also an Irish international player and an English one in the Newport ranks, and if, as seems likely, the Irish Union side with the Scottish, McPherson's gold watch becomes a positive bomb of Serajevo. It is to be hoped that this rather nonsensical quarrel can be made up. Everybody must approve of a strict attitude as regards amateurism, but the argument as to the thin end of the wedge can be pushed too far. To give a man a watch to commemorate a notable achievement is not, in fact, the same thing as giving him a motor car or a row of houses. It ought not to be impossible for people of good sense and good will to agree as to where the line should be drawn.

THE Oxford Undergraduates who are offering a prize of £20 for the most attractive bar parlour, to be judged by a photographer, are not only doing very good work against the Prohibitionists, but a very excellent thing among inn-keepers. For whether an inn attracts or repels depends most of all upon the proprietor. If he is cheery, hospitable and sober, though his house be new and bare, the traveller is attracted. But the grudging host, however picturesque his place, will ever be a bear and his inn the garden of one. The bar parlour of an inn can be the most cosy or the most cheerless room in the world. The former kind can give a man that very solace and cheerfulness, for lack of which he desires (fatal moment!) "a drink," even before the tankard is placed before him. The shining woodwork, the small-paned window, the flames jesting with the chimney;

all these are good, and a man must have them to live well. But the bad bar parlour is frowsy, with yellow-brown wallpaper, spittoons and flypapers, to forget which a man must fuddle himself. They are incentives, compulsions to intoxication.

ON December 6th there will be a convocation held at Oxford to elect a Professor of Poetry in the place of William Paton Ker. Ker was a distinguished Oxford professor, and it is hoped that a suitable choice will be made for his successor. Two nominations have been received by the Registrar, namely, those of John Cann Bailey and Heathcote William Garrod. Mr. Bailey is the better known of the two owing to his many articles on literary subjects in such publications as the *Quarterly Review*, the *Edinburgh* and the *Fortnightly*. He is also a voluminous author, the best of his books being, in our opinion, the "Claims of French Poetry," published in 1907, and "Poets and Poetry," published in 1911. Mr. Heathcote William Garrod is better known to the readers of the classical journals than those of the reviews. He is author of an ingenious book called "Worms and Epitaphs," published in 1919, and he wrote "Religion of All Good Men" in 1905. He has also written a number of books on subjects connected with the classics. Either of the two is well fitted to occupy the Chair of Poetry at Oxford.

#### A GIPSY GRAVE.

Far out on the heather  
Where nobody sees,  
I left my bright beauty.  
Blow softer, wild breeze.

There sway the green grasses,  
You loved them so well.  
There rings a wild bluebell  
Your funeral knell.

Farewell heart's own desire,  
I must wander alone.  
I have left you my voice  
In a grey peewit's moan.

Your brother the heather,  
Your sister the sea,  
Are all that is left now  
To poor lonely me.

M. E. H.

GENERAL regret will be felt at the retirement of Mr. Justice Darling. His wit and humour lighted up the courts over which he presided in a manner that was highly appreciated. Yet, those made a great mistake who thought of him only as an irresponsible jester. He was one of those men whose number is not so great as is desirable, men who hide, under a light exterior cloak, a great devotion to duty and a sense of justice that can be stern enough when occasion requires. Sir Charles Darling proved on many an occasion that he was such a man. At one moment he seemed to be too frivolous for the Bench; at another, as in the famous Armstrong case, he would apply the most extraordinary shrewdness and a relentless logic in the shape of questions that, as in the instance to which we have referred, brought guilt home absolutely to a criminal who otherwise might have escaped conviction. Sir Charles had a hand of steel, although it was generally clothed in a most unsuspecting-looking silk glove. He was also learned in more senses than one—that is to say, he was both a student and reader, and one whose ready perception and retentive memory had gleaned a wisdom peculiarly his own from his experience in the law, experience that proverbially brings to light many of the less conspicuous characteristics in a man. Although Sir Charles Darling has passed the allotted span of life, he may still hope for many years in which he can find pleasure in those studies, grave and gay, which are his solace and delight; also, he can jest without fear of being misunderstood.

"LADY RUSHOUT AND CHILD" is, in the original, one of Angelica Kauffmann's larger portraits. Burke's engraving has the qualities of minuteness against extent, and exquisite delicacy in place of bravura.

# THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HOUNDS



A GROUP OF BELVOIR BITCHES.

**M**AJOR BOUCH, the present popular Master of the hounds more commonly called the Belvoir—but which on their fixture cards still maintain the old title, which, I think, stamps their identity better than anything else could—has been kind enough to pronounce the accompanying photographs as the best of their kind he has ever seen. I am inclined to agree that, so far as a photograph of a hound standing still on the flags can do him justice, the artist in the present case has scored a success; but a hound as one sees him in the field is the real picture! Even one who may lay no claim to being what is generally accepted as a hound-man—that species of enthusiast who can tell you every Peterborough winner for the last quarter of a century without once having to refresh or check his memory from any records—would be a soulless wight indeed if the Belvoir did not unloose such eloquence as he might possess to pay tribute to perfection.

It is no disparagement to any other pack of hounds to extol the excellencies of the Belvoir, because, in the same way that it is accepted that the Darley Arabian and the Godolphin Barb are tap-roots from which our best equine blood-stock springs, so is it agreed that the Belvoir hound blood may be rated. I suppose it might be said, without great risk of contradiction, that there is hardly a kennel in England in which the Belvoir strain has not been used, and we know that in very many the blood has marked itself very strongly indeed: a tremendous testimony to its continuing virility.

The reason why these hounds remain, and have always been, true to type, resides in the fact that, unlike some other great historic packs, they have never been dispersed, and can exhibit a continuity of ownership and management which no other pack in the three kingdoms can boast. The Belvoir have been, at various times in their history, improved by drafts and crosses from other kennels—their first change, incidentally, was the Cottesmore Victor, during Mr. Noel's mastership of that pack—but, with the exception of some short intervals during an absence or minority, or from some other unavoidable cause,

these hounds have remained in the possession and under the control of one or other of the Dukes of Rutland or their connections for now nearly two centuries. The Quorn, the Cottesmore and the Pytchley have each at various times suffered dispersment. The Belvoir never have.

When speaking to Major Bouch (whose decision to resign the mastership at the end of this season is much regretted), when I was out with these hounds on one of the last days of their cubbing season on the Lincolnshire side—from Barkston, to be correct—and discussing the photographs which have been so well taken for COUNTRY LIFE, he said that it was very difficult to single out any one hound's pedigree as being different or better than that of any other, for they all were bred on the same lines with but slight variations; and to anyone, excepting those who "live" with them, there is only one hound, dog or bitch. This characteristic of the Belvoir has remained throughout the centuries and is unquestionably more marked in this pack than in any other of which it is possible to think of off-hand. The Brocklesby, the Badminton, the Milton have all their types, but there is none of them—though I speak open to correction—which maintains quite so unmistakably the one type. The "Belvoir tan" puts a hall-mark on every hound in which it is found, and in this pack they, naturally, all have it.

That which struck the condescending "Pomponius Ego" in 1825 must strike even the most superficial observer who has the pleasure of seeing, and the greater pleasure of trying to catch, these hounds to-day. At the period just referred to Apperley wrote: "I was more particularly struck with the fine length of their frames and the strongly marked and uniform character of the pack." "Pooh Bah's" great fore-runner was never a hound-man, though he undoubtedly knew a very great deal about hunting and considered himself competent to criticise the performance of every huntsman with whom he came in contact during his hunting tours, so that his kind notice of the "uniform character" of the Belvoir must be accepted with due thankfulness.

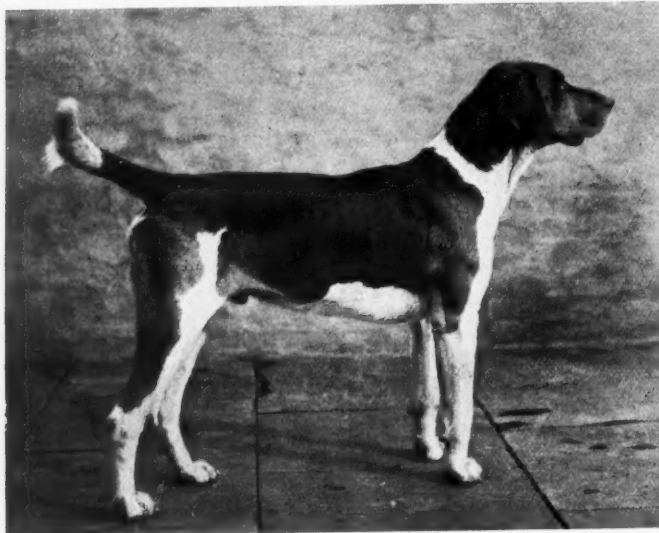


W. A. Rouch. A TYPICAL BELVOIR HEAD. Copyright.

Not only are all these hounds as alike as two peas, on the benches at Knipton, but, I fancy, I shall be borne out when I say that the expression, "You can put your hat over them," is hardly an exaggeration when they are in the field and have a stout Lincolnshire or Leicestershire fox in front of them.

Furrier, Rallywood, Stainless, Fallible, Weathergaze, Gambler, Nominal and the great Dexter are all on the benches to-day, and they always will be. These great sires of ancient

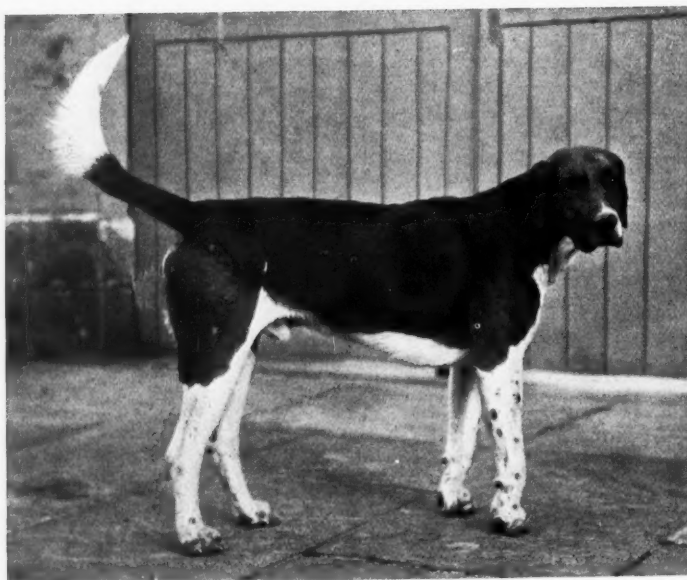
and modern top-sawyers have left many pledges of their own excellence, and I think that one could easily pick at least a couple of dozen Dexters and probably a similar number of Weathergages which could be photographed and, when done, mistaken for the original pictures of those grand hounds. The same can, of course, be said where Gambler or any other of the stud hound celebrities of the Belvoir is concerned. That which hath been will be, so long as Belvoir hounds are kennelled at



CHANTER.



CHAIRMAN.



RANGER.

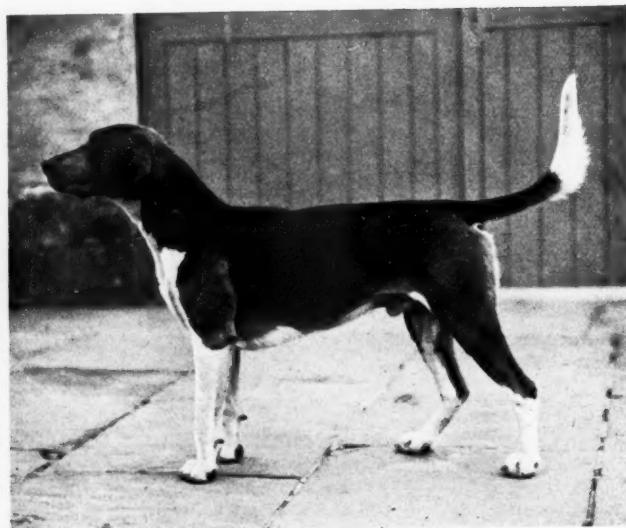


WEXFORD.



W. A. Rouch.

CARDINAL.



RUFFIAN.

Copyright.

Belvoir Castle. Yet, while extolling the manifold and obvious perfections of the Duke of Rutland's hounds, it would not be seemly if one did not mention the fact—well known, of course, to all students of hound lore—that, while the tap-root of the Belvoir was their own original stock, a species of hound which, as the scholarly Mr. T. F. Dale held, is descended from the hound which was used to hunt the stag and had nothing of either the harrier or the bloodhound in him, they owe much to four great lines: the Beaufort champion, Osbaldeston's Furrier—which, as Mr. Dale recorded in his classic history of the Belvoir, was a Belvoir hound by birth—Sefton's Sultan, Mr. Drake's Duster and the Brocklesby Rallywood; and also that other fact, that when the Belvoir have desired an outcross they have generally gone to the Fitzwilliam and the Badminton. As to Belvoir blood in other packs, Mr. Dale collected evidence from such people as Tom Firr (Quorn), George Gillson (Cottesmore), Frank Beers (Grafton) and many others, and all these famous huntsmen of a bygone day paid unstinting tribute to the value of the Belvoir blood in their own packs. Beers, in fact, went so far as to say, "The Grafton are all Belvoir blood, and we seldom go anywhere else. Belvoir Weathervane is our tap-root, and we look to him as sire as much as possible for tongue and drive."

That which was true in the 'seventies and 'eighties is equally true in the present day; and, as "Nimrod" (Capel)—not "Pomponius Ego," but the present kennel huntsman to the Belvoir—said to me when we were talking over these photographs and the notes I proposed to make on them, "You *can't* go wrong with Belvoir blood!" That was and is an enunciation of the obvious.

As to the celebrities of the present moment at Kington, Wicklow (1916) is the most successful of Belvoir sires and is a magnificent specimen of the high-class foxhound. He is the result of an outcross and is by the Duke of Buccleuch's Warwick (1913), dam Cheerful (1910). (The Duke of Buccleuch's kennel, by the way, is full of Belvoir blood.) Wicklow sired the famous litter which won first, second and third at the Belvoir puppy show last year for dog hounds, and the second prize in the bitches' class. These litters were out of Wisdom.

Chanter (1919) is another very successful sire by the Duke of Buccleuch's Champion (1912), and the dam is Sally. Chanter, which stands over 25ins., sired Conway, winner of the dog class at this year's puppy show, and Countess and Comfort, first and second respectively in the bitches' class. Riff Raff (1918) was the dam of this fine litter. Of other outstanding hounds, Wexford (1922), by Wicklow (1916) out of Wisdom (1918), is one of the best-looking hounds bred at Belvoir for many years, and Winner and Windward are litter brothers to him. He has a double strain of Buccleuch and is considered by many judges to be the best hound bred at Belvoir during the last

twenty years. Conway, by Chanter out of Riff-Raff, is an immensely powerful young hound with great drive, and is a typical Belvoir flyer, with all the characteristics of the type well marked. He is from the famous Weathergage, entered in 1878 at Belvoir, and probably 90 per cent. of existing foxhounds in England can trace their pedigree to Weathergage.

Of other of the notabilities seen in these pictures, Chairman (1920), by Woodman (1915) out of Cherish, by the Buccleuch Champion, is the best sire in the kennel. He is a very light-coloured hound, as his dam was; in the field he is a very hard-driving hound and inclined to be a bit flashy. Ruffian, another beautiful hound, is a recent attempt to introduce a Badminton outcross. He is by Badminton Rufus out of Belvoir Rashness, which goes back to Belvoir Weaver. Cardinal is another of great elegance, and is by Wicklow, by Buccleuch Warwick. Ranger (1920) is by Woodman (1915), and thereby also traces back to Weaver. He is one of the few dog hounds in the kennel with no Buccleuch outcross, and goes back pure Belvoir for generations. He is a smasher in his work.

Major Bouch, personally, much prefers the Belvoir dog pack to the bitches, as he says they hunt better and are not so wild. The field, however, mostly prefer the bitches, because of their tremendous pace. To catch the Belvoir "Belles" you need to have something of an aeroplane between your knees if you ever want to see them again when they go away with the right fox. A Melton field is, naturally, all for the ladies! It is on record, however, that twice last year the dog pack ran clean away from horses on the Lincolnshire side of the Belvoir country, on one occasion covering thirteen miles of difficult country quite unaided. They certainly hunt well. On the other hand, no fox living can stand up in front of the bitches for more than twenty minutes, if there is a scent. It has often been said that, given that other things are equal—that is to say, providing a fox gets a fair start and is not hampered or headed when he sets his mask for the open—it is always odds of about 6 to 4 on his beating hounds; but this has not been found to work out in practice when the Belvoir bitch pack have been his pursuers. At Barkston, on the last occasion that I had the pleasure of seeing these hounds, Major Bouch had only two and a half couple of dog hounds out—the rest were all ladies, and one does not find it very difficult to endorse every word that anyone has said in their favour. The very glass of fashion and mould of form, every one of them.

Whatever may be the fortune which attends fox hunting in the future, near or remote, be it doomed to extinction by an advancing civilisation or permitted to continue its existence, this great pack will stand a monument to what science and forethought can accomplish in the way of arriving at perfection.

HARBOROUGH.

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### THE GLASGOW DAIRY SHOW.

IT was a very great pity that the first Scottish Dairy Show should have been held under the handicap imposed by the regulations against moving cattle while foot-and-mouth disease was still rampant in the country. The Corporation of Glasgow had taken the matter up seriously and the preparations pointed to a great success. Prominence was, of course, given to dairy cattle. There were three classes for Ayrshires, two for British Friesians, two for Red Polls, two for Dairy Shorthorns and two for any other breed. The Glasgow Corporation presented a championship cup to the pure bred dairy cow which gained the largest total of points by inspection, milking trials and butter tests, the cup to be won three times before becoming the absolute property of the exhibitor. Each year's winner of the cup was to be presented with a gold medal, while the breed societies concerned contributed a special prize. It was determined to include living pigs in the exhibition, on the ground that the pig is a natural adjunct to the dairy, fattening on the waste products. Naturally, there was a considerable amount of disappointment, but the cause being so well understood it will probably not affect the future success of the Show. Kelvin Hall, where it was held, made a splendid Agricultural Hall; in fact, it threw the building at Islington into the shade by its greater size and convenience generally. Lord Hamilton of Dalzell made a very practical and sensible speech. The object of the Show, he said, was to encourage milk production, and the next move towards that should come from the consumer. The public is not taking avidly to certified milk, and, until they do, the quality is not likely to be improved.

If the cattle hung fire, owing to foot-and-mouth disease, at any rate the show of produce was very satisfactory and promises well for what may be done another year.

### FOOT-AND-MOUTH IN THE UNITED STATES.

No substantial progress was made in the discussion on foot-and-mouth which took place during the recent World's Dairy Congress in the United States of America. Most of the facts connected with the disease that were brought forward are familiar enough in Great Britain, where foot-and-mouth has probably been studied more closely than in any other part of the world. We know also only too well what are the losses and disadvantages connected with an outbreak, so that the part of the discussion relating to these may very well be ignored for the present. It has also been dinned into our ears that the most effective measure for controlling the disease is the immediate slaughter of the infected animal. Nothing was mentioned of the subject that is dealt

with in our Leader of to-day, that is to say, the division of the outbreaks into those that are initial and those that can be proved to be ramifications from a centre. No serum has yet been discovered, although the artificial cultivation of the germ and the discovery that the disease can be communicated to small animals, such as the guinea-pig, raises hopes of the discovery of some method of inoculation that may prevent the disease. These possibilities, however, have been weighed often, without any practical result. After all, it will may be that the research now being made into a possible connection between migrating birds and the spread of the disease, may lead to something important. There the matter stands at present, as is set forth in our leading article to-day.

### A WORD FOR YOUNG FARMERS.

A correspondent has sent us the following interesting letter: "Sir,—From the nature of many of the contributions appearing in your pages it is evident that you are out to help the British farmer in all possible ways. The question of cropping the land to the best advantage—the many appeals to consider pigs seriously as money-makers—the possibility of rabbits sharing a similar fate—all seem rightly to deserve more attention. Now, if I may, I should like to put in a word for those young men who started farming since the war, and who have done much hard work during one long slump in prices. Many of them are temporarily out of work—for even long-established farmers are finding these times of trade depression difficult. I myself know of two such cases. Both are educated young men who have acquired an excellent training in practical farm work, have used muscles and brains, and farmed better than many more experienced farmers, and yet have simply been beaten by the capital depreciation of their stock. Some of these men are not necessarily dependent on farm labouring to earn their livelihood; they know they are worth more than 25s. a week. It seems to me that agriculture will lose if they turn to (in many cases resume) industrial and professional work. During recent years quite a few city business men and town manufacturers, with the help of a farm bailiff, have applied their business ability to farming. Thereby they are helping the farmer to explore new methods and at the same time enjoying an interesting and healthy counter-attraction to the bustle of town life. Might I suggest to those who feel attracted to try a little farming—in spite of the grievous laments which reach us from many engaged on the land—to give such men as I refer to an opportunity of retaining the type of work they have chosen and of proving their worth."

## MR. JOHN MILLAIS AT THE FINE ARTS SOCIETY

THE fairy godmother who came to Mr. John Millais' christening brought him a rare assortment of gifts. For she gave him an ardent love of wild nature, an inherited faculty for representing, with brush and pencil, the creatures of the wild, and opportunities in life for their study, from the Arctic to the Tropics, with all that lies between. And he has been showing us some of the results of this uncommon union of happy qualities and chances, in an exhibition of his bird and other animal paintings hung in one of the rooms of the Fine Art Society's Gallery in New Bond Street. Mr. Millais has the recording eye of the artist, and probably it is not too much to say that hardly would the most hypercritical find a line misplaced in a single one of the thirty-three pictures which make up this "show." The subjects are sufficiently varied, for he gives us Asia with its tigers, Africa with its lions and antelopes, America with its buffalo and wapiti, sea-eagles harrying the wild geese in the Arctic, and red deer and game birds of our own islands. His nets are widely cast.

The praise of his unerring line may sound excessive, the more that he has shrunk from none of the more difficult problems presented by animals in swift action. Rather, he has seemed to delight in facing and conquering them. Besides that of the

showing so well the very singular curving of the outstretched neck of these birds when on the wing and the no less curious triangular form of the head. But here, too, the artist has taken a hard task—to present one of the birds as considerably closer to us than others; and that he has done, inevitably and as a matter of course, by giving it larger size. But the first impression that it conveys is less that of a bird of the same species as the others, nearer to the spectator's eye, than of a bird of a quite different and a larger kind. A second glance immediately corrects that first impression, which, indeed, vanishes as soon as formed; but it has been created, and it is witness to the extreme difficulty for the limner to give the instant impression of relative degrees of distance, from the eye, of things moving through the air. On the ground, or even close over the ground, as when grouse scudding over the heather are in the picture, there is all the help to be had from landmarks, from colour perspective and from objects at rest; but there are no similarly registering air-marks. The limner has no aids.

So one criticises, because that is the ungrateful office of the critic; and also, in part, because an appreciation that is without discrimination is also without much power to satisfy or to convince; but it would be very ungenerous criticism of



"OVER THE PASS."

sea-eagles hunting the geese, there is another of a pair of the same noble birds, which he calls merely "Sea-eagles": here the one has snatched a fish from the sea, and the other, which seems to have just missed its snatch, is turning upwards, from below the first, and has beak wide open so protestingly that we may almost seem to hear its shrill plaint that it has been cheated of its rights. Both the attitude and its rendering show very true observation and accomplished mastery of line. But this laudation, which is no more than due to this part of the artist's performance, is to be somewhat tempered by criticism of his colour and its application. The medium is tempera, very bright and vivid; and surely it is not to be charged to Mr. Millais that he has shrunk from the difficulty here, any less than before, of carrying the scheme of colour to its highest. On the contrary, it is rather that he is over-emphatic on the highest note, that he seems to strain the effect, that he is always on the highest, with a lack of repose and reticence. The consequence is that, looking on the walls of this small gallery crowded with these pictures, we have a sense of a very riot of colour. It is too opulent. Doubtless, the effect would not be, to the same degree, over-rich if a single picture hung with some isolating wall space around; but still, we may think that the artist might better achieve, and even might essentially strengthen, his effects if he would aim more quietly at their attainment. For another point of criticism we may take notice of his striking picture of the flight of whooper swans. It is one of the most interesting,

this exhibition that did not find its appreciation far greater than its reservations. Some of these pictures, or at least one, that entitled "Buffalo Migrating, Wyoming," have, unhappily, a historic interest, for the migration of these so-called buffalo of America belongs to a past day. Although here and there on the continent, under local protection, they are said to be increasing, it is certain that they will never be in any abundance again. This picture is specially dated "1880." And, again, there is a year given to the "Wapiti Calling," also drawn in Wyoming, which is dated "1886"; but we may hope that the interest here is not so historical as in the buffalo picture. These buffalo are more or less at rest. More often Mr. Millais likes to give us the vigour of action, as in the "Lion Hunting Sable Antelope" and others. One of the most admirable is that of red deer going "Over the Pass." There we have the greater part of the herd going single file, as their manner is, over the edge of the hill, while some deer in the foreground are finely shown in the attitude of arrested action, of expectancy, perhaps of suspicion of a danger, as they stand with heads up glaring backward. We are reminded that some of Mr. Millais' most beautiful and effective work had antelopes, African antelopes, for its subject—witness his "Breath of the Veldt." Another of his subjects is a "Young Lion" regarding with complacency, as he well may, a porcupine which he has lately killed; for this small prickly beast is a dainty food, but no "easy meat" even for the king of all beasts—But enough! Go to the gallery and see.



"WHOOPEE SWANS."



"SEA EAGLES."

# THE SOUTHDOWN SHEEP

ITS MERITS AND QUALITIES.

BY ALEX. MILLER-HALLET, *President of the Southdown Sheep Society.*



THE GATTON PARK FLOCK OF SOUTHDOWN SHEEP, OWNED BY SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN, BT., OF GATTON PARK, REIGATE.

Champions in Class B three years in succession in the Southdown Sheep Society's Flock Competitions.

NO one who has studied the history of sheep in England, or, for the matter of that, all over the United Kingdom, will feel inclined to dispute the assertion that in the Southdown is to be found the oldest known breed of down sheep and one which has played a leading part in the formation of most other breeds of sheep. At one time, just an unimproved heath breed, but always with distinct possibilities, the Southdown was lucky to come into the hands of so keen and skilful an enthusiast as John Ellman of Glynde, who, recognising the capabilities of the Southdown and how extraordinarily well it lent itself to improvement, devoted the best energies of his life to attaining early maturity, a fine dense fleece, together with symmetry of frame.

In the improved Southdown, as we know it to-day, we have the continuation of this great work, commenced somewhere round about 1775, and a right worthy legacy did Ellman leave behind him to benefit posterity, for it is not too much to claim that the Southdown is the premier sheep for crossing with other breeds, where a touch of quality is needed both in wool and in mutton, while as an improver of native sheep it probably has no equal, and this on account of its ancient and prepotent blood. Before leaving the subject of John Ellman it may be of interest to quote from Youatt.

This writer tells us that when Ellman retired from public life in 1829 and his flock was sold by auction, his 770 ewes from one year old, to old ewes, both inclusive, produced an average of £3 1s. 6d. each, 320 lambs had an average of 36s. each, 36 rams averaged £25 each (one ram making 65 guineas), his 32 ram lambs averaged £10, and 241 wether lambs averaged 21s. apiece. Wonderful prices, considering the age in which they were obtained. A further point of interest to present day flock-masters was

that a silver tureen was presented to Mr. Ellman, also on his retirement, by 186 noblemen and gentlemen, the inscription thereon setting forth (among other things), that it was a "tribute of sincere regard and of his great merit, especially in improving and extending throughout the BRITISH EMPIRE the BREED OF SOUTHDOWN SHEEP." Testimony enough as to the work that had been accomplished during the years Mr. Ellman spent in improving his flock.

The good work was carried on by Mr. Jonas Webb of Babraham, by the Duke of Richmond, Lord Walsingham and Mr. Rigden of Hove, and these great breeders never lost sight of the object aimed at by the "Father" of the breed, viz., early maturity, and with that quality of wool, and good shape of body. The greatest care has always been taken to keep the breed pure, and with this end in sight the Flock Book was started in 1892, in which year the Southdown Sheep Breeders' Association was incorporated, which later on became merged in the present Southdown Sheep Society, which has its headquarters at Chichester, Sussex.

## AS A MUTTON SHEEP.

Possibly, if the general public were to be asked what they knew about the Southdown, they would reply that there was no mutton like that obtained from these compact mouse-brown-faced little rent-payers which, whether running their native downs, grazing on the sweet, short herbage to be found there, or folded

upon roots, clover leys or catch crops, invariably yield joints of mutton unsurpassed by any others obtainable on the market for delicate flavour and nicely marbled grain.

It is a well known fact that there is no waste to a carcass of a Southdown sheep, for the bones are small and the flesh fine grained. Thus a Southdown



WINNERS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES' PERPETUAL CHALLENGE CUP FOR THE BEST PEN OF SHEEP OR LAMBS IN THE SHOW AT SMITHFIELD, 1922.

Weight, 5cwt. 0qrs. 27lb. Bred and exhibited by H.M. the King.

sheep of 8st. will provide as much food as a rost. sheep of any other breed, simply because there is no waste. As mentioned above, the meat is of that "marbled" quality so prized by all judges of mutton, and the joints being small, thus meeting the popular demand, it always commands top price in the markets.

During the war, when control placed a premium on the larger sheep as opposed to the Southdown, it was freely asserted that the ancient breed would never regain its position as the great mutton sheep; how false were these prophets time has triumphantly proved, for never has there been greater demand for small joints than at present, and it is significant that when there is a dragging trade for mutton sheep there is usually but little trouble in clearing the Southdowns.

The average weights of Southdown sheep may be taken as follows: Southdown lambs at three months old will weigh 42lb., at six months old they will weigh 60lb., at nine months old they will weigh 70lb., while Southdown wethers, one to two years old, will weigh 120lb. These are weights which can easily be attained without pushing or undue feeding, and show the capacity of the breed at weight for age. As a further proof, if any such be

necessary, of the great value of the breed for mutton purposes, let it be stated that at the Smithfield Club Show at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, the championship for the best carcass of mutton has been won by a Southdown seven times during contests which have taken place on seventeen occasions. At the International Exhibition, Chicago, Southdowns have been well-nigh invincible, winning time and time again the supreme championship in the carcass classes. Of sixty-two championships awarded at the last twenty-one exhibitions, in the three divisions of the fat wether class, thirty-six have been won by Southdowns.

#### AS WOOL PRODUCERS.

As most people are aware, the Southdown sheep yields the finest wool that is produced in this country and the nearest in point of quality to that of the merino. The best way of proving the value of the breed for wool is to quote from Professor A. F. Barker, the great wool expert of Leeds University, who, writing in the "History of the Southdown Sheep" (published by the Breed Society), says: "Of all English wools Southdown is the finest in fibre diameter, the average being 1-800in. to 1-900in., and the average length of staple is 3ins. It is also the shortest wool with the exception of the Soay sheep, which not only grows



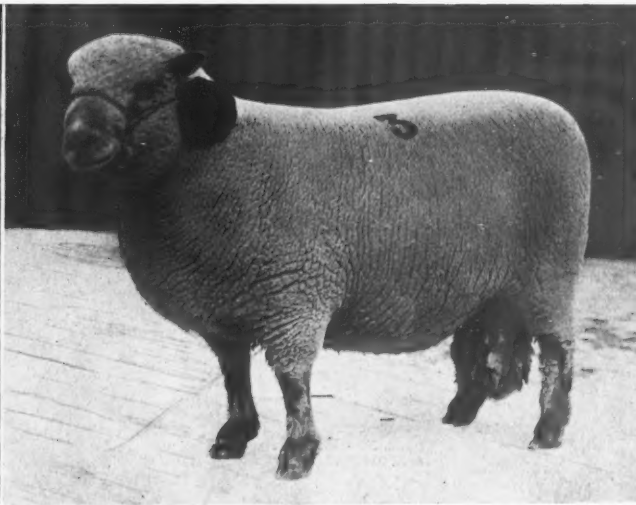
CHAMPION RAM LAMB AT CHICHESTER, 1923.

Sold at auction for 105 guineas to go to New Zealand. Bred and exhibited by the Rev. C. H. Brocklebank of Bartlow House, Cambridge.



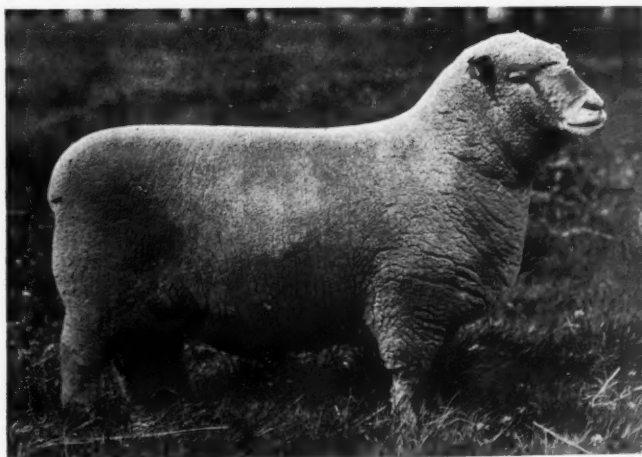
CHAMPION RAM AT HOVE, 1921.

Bred and exhibited by Lady Fitzgerald of Buckland Faringdon, Berks.



CHAMPION RAM AT CHICHESTER, 1921.

Bred and exhibited by Lady Ludlow of Luton Hoo, Luton, Beds.



CHAMPION RAM, TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND S.E. COUNTIES SHOW, 1922  
Bred and exhibited by Lady Fitzgerald.



CHAMPION RAM AT GUILDFORD, 1922.  
Bred and exhibited by Lady Ludlow.



CHAMPION EWES AT NORWICH, 1923.  
Bred and exhibited by H.M. the King, Sandringham.



CHAMPION EWES AT THE ROYAL SHOW AT DERBY, 1921.  
Bred and exhibited by Sir Jeremiah Colman.



CHAMPION EWES, OXFORDSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WITNEY, 1923.  
Bred and exhibited by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan of Wall Hall, Watford.



CHAMPION EWES AT THE ROYAL SHOW, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, AND AT THE  
ROYAL COUNTIES SHOW AT SOUTHAMPTON, 1923.  
Bred and exhibited by Sir Jeremiah Colman.

a very short coat, but casts it regularly each year, often before there is a chance to shear it. But well grown Southdown wool is quite long enough for combing, and squareness and density should not be sacrificed to mere length. The fineness of fibre alone, with a fibre length in proportion almost invariably noticeable in Southdown fleeces, is usually further enhanced by curliness of fibre and a certain creamy lustre appearance. . . . There should also be that soft, crispness about a good Southdown wool which at once characterises it and gives it certain spinning qualities possessed by no other wools in such a marked degree. . . . As regards special uses of Southdown wool, as will be gathered from the foregoing, Southdown wool in a marked degree possesses qualities of fineness combined with fulness which render it very valuable in hosiery yarns and fabrics. The Southdown sheep breeder may rest assured that there will be an increasing demand for the finest wools of this type—especially if the wool be well got up—and he should be encouraged to develop this breed of sheep." It is also being more fully realised to-day, than ever before, that, under the hammer, wool staplers will pay pence more per pound for Southdown wool than for that of any other breed in the country.

The Breed Society are keenly alive to the necessity for maintaining this high quality of wool, and in their Scale of Points lay down the rule that the wool should be of fine texture, great density and of sufficient length of staple, covering the whole body down to the hocks and knees, and right up to the cheeks, with a full foretop, but not round the eyes or across the bridge of the nose.

#### FOR CROSSING PURPOSES.

At the commencement of this article I have alluded briefly to the fact that, owing to its ancient and pure lineage, the Southdown ram is very prepotent, and thus, when mated with ewes of another breed, the offspring will in most cases take after the sire in conformation, and in a good deal of his quality. For the production of early fat lamb the Southdown ram is in great request, and there can hardly be a breed of sheep in existence whose draft ewes are not mated with a ram of this breed to get that last lamb before the old ewe, in company with her lamb, finds her way to the butcher.

Increasing numbers of rams are going to Wales for this purpose, and also for crossing with mountain ewes, and so greatly do butchers like the result of this cross that but few lambs have to be kept over for autumn or winter feeding, while they will invariably make at least 1d. per lb. live weight more than larger cross-bred sheep.

Half-bred Southdown fat lambs have almost ideally perfect conformation and attract the attention of the experienced buyer more readily than any other cross-bred lamb. The body is square and set close to the ground, the bone is light and the leg of mutton is perfect. A very popular cross is the Southdown with Dorsets, Hampshires, Oxfords, Shropshires, Suffolks, Romney Marsh (or Kent) sheep, Kerry Hills and Welsh mountain ewes.

#### THE EXPORT TRADE.

Southdowns have been exported to most of the sheep-breeding quarters of the globe, and wherever they have

gone they have earned golden opinions for the breed. Despite the closing of the ports for so long a period this year owing to foot and mouth disease, Southdowns can point to a record season as regards the export trade, for no fewer than 223 specimens have been exported. New Zealand, Canada, the U.S.A., Peru and Kenya Colony have been the chief countries wanting Southdowns this year, and of these the demand in New Zealand was quite exceptional, another tribute to the grand utility qualities of the breed, for the New Zealand flockmaster is severely practical in his requirements.

The first authentic record of the exportation of Southdown sheep is that of Mr. John Ellman sending a present of some of his flock to the Tsar of Russia in 1803, and from that small beginning the present great demand has been built up.

A move on the part of the Breed Society which will greatly strengthen the export trade is that of compulsory tattooing of all flocks in the Flock Book, and as no foreign or overseas purchaser will buy sheep that are not so marked, the compulsory application of this wise precaution will leave the intending exporter with a much wider range of choice than has hitherto been his.

Moreover, a great awakening is taking place among those breeders, who, while they may not bear the burden and heat of the day, as far as showing at the big shows is concerned, yet have flocks second to none in the Flock Book, and these gentlemen, realising that the general level of excellence of the breed must be studied and encouraged by some form of competition, heartily back up the flock competitions which

are so popular a feature of late years and are becoming so to a greater degree each succeeding year.

#### SHOW RECORD.

As regards shows held under the auspices of the Breed Society, these are two, and take place at Chichester in August each year and at Lewes in September.

There is nearly always a good display of Southdowns at the Royal, the Royal Counties, Royal Norfolk, Bath and West, Tunbridge Wells and, of course, at the Sussex County Show each year, while at the Fat Stock Shows at Norwich and at Smithfield, visitors have a capital chance of seeing what the breed can accomplish in the way of putting on flesh.

Southdowns are possessed of a show record which is absolutely unique, for they have been champions at the Smithfield Show twenty-four times out of fifty shows held between 1869 and 1922, a record unapproached. In one period of eight years the supreme championship of the show was won five times by Southdowns, and at one of these exhibitions they won the carcass championship out of eighty entries.

In conclusion, one would like to remark that the destiny of the breed is carefully watched over by a Council composed of thoroughly practical men who know the breed and also the object at which they are aiming, and this in a word can be said to be "Quality with length and substance." And with these three attributes one finds the breed fairly evenly distributed all over the South of England, in the Midlands, right up to Chester, and so on into the Principality itself.

## HAWTHORNS

By E. H. WILSON OF THE ARNOLD ABORETUM.

IN these days, when the love of gardens is greater than ever before in the history of Britain but the wherewithal to maintain them is woefully lacking, it is more and more imperative that our attention be directed toward permanent garden material of easy culture and perfect hardiness. One prized class which has become neglected is that of the thorns or *Cratægus*, the largest group of hardy trees and shrubs that can be grown in northern gardens. For those countries where the winter climate is severe, and especially for those regions where the soil is impregnated with lime, no other genus can furnish such a variety of plants with conspicuous flowers, handsome fruits and brilliant autumnal leaves. The hawthorn or May-blossom is one of the glories of the English countryside, and it is high time that some of its brothers and sisters of other lands received their proper recognition in the parks and gardens of Great Britain.

The genus *Cratægus* is universally distributed through the Northern Hemisphere, but the greatest concentration of species

is found in the United States of America from the Atlantic coast westward to the valley of the Mississippi River. Its northern limits approximate to the Arctic Circle and its southern to the Tropic of Cancer. In China, a country notorious for its wealth of plants, thorns are remarkably few in species and individuals, though in the north-east of that land grows *C. pinnatifida*, one of the very finest of all the species. A strong family resemblance is apparent in the foliage and flowers of all the members, though they vary in habit of growth and greatly in colour and size of fruit. The flowers of all the species are white, but the size and number in the cluster differ as do the number of stamens and colour of the anthers, and these characters are much used to discriminate the species. The wood is hard and heavy, yet in some, like *C. cordata*, it is brittle. The shrubby species, except where collections are favoured, have no especial use in gardens. Those of arborescent habit, on the contrary, are of immense value for the park and lawn and for trimming into hedges, since they are long-lived and ornamental at all seasons of the year.



CRATÆGUS PUNCTATA.

No trees are more easily grown. A good loam—and if there is lime in it so much the better—and an open, fully exposed situation are the requisite essentials. Thorns love the wind and sun, and should be given plenty of room for their full development. The plants should be raised from seeds, for, although they do not germinate until the second season and the seedlings are slow for the first year or two, the results well repay the time and patience expended. Grafted plants, except of special forms like those of the common hawthorn, should be avoided, since they lead to disappointment. Transplant the seedlings several times in order to develop a good root system, unless they can be early placed in permanent sites. Our custom is to plant, in well prepared pits, three seedlings when about 2ft. tall and later, if all grow, to cut out two. Beyond the shortening of over-strong laterals and the removal of cross branches, little or no pruning is required. Like other members of the rose family, thorns are subject to attacks of scale insects, which may be easily controlled by a winter spray of lime-sulphur, one gallon to eight gallons of water.

In their fruit the thorns have a wide range of variation in colour, size, time of ripening and persistence on the trees. It is edible on all species, though in three only, and these native of widely separated areas, is it of comestible value. One of these is the azarole (*Cratægus Azarolus*), native of Asia Minor, which bears globose fruit about 1in. in diameter, of apple-like flavour, and orange, yellow or reddish in colour. In south-eastern Europe this thorn is much grown for the sake of its fruit. In England, though cultivated since the seventeenth century, it is not common and is confused with *C. orientalis* and *C. sinaica*, two closely related and very worthy species also native of the Near East and introduced into England early in the nineteenth century. Native of the higher mountains of Mexico is *C. stipulosa*, with globose, yellowish, dotted, long-persistent fruits, each nearly 1in. in diameter. This is a small, sparsely spiny tree, seldom 20ft. tall, quite hardy in England, where it retains its leaves until Christmas-time. The third species with comestible fruit, and one of the most handsome of all thorns, is *C. pinnatifida*, a native of continental north-eastern Asia. In northern China, Manchuria and Korea it has been cultivated as an orchard fruit for we know not how many centuries, with the result that forms such as the variety major, with large fruits more than 1in. in diameter, have arisen. This is a tree from 15ft. to 25ft. tall with pale grey-green bark when young, large, lustrous green, deeply lobed leaves inclined to be pendent, many-flowered clusters of very large blossoms followed by oblong to flattened-round crimson fruits.

With its bright blue fruit about half an inch in diameter, *C. brachyacantha* is unique among the vast host of thorns. It is the "Pomette Bleue" of the Arcadians of western Louisiana, and is a large tree with shining green foliage and small flowers many together in crowded clusters. This is a native of the extreme southern part of Arkansas, eastern and western Louisiana and eastern Texas, where it grows gregariously in areas often submerged during a part of the year, and, when, in bloom it is a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Though seedlings have been several times raised in the Arnold Arboretum, we have so far failed to get this tree established in our collection.

A number of species of thorns have yellow fruit. Of these *C. flava*, a small tree of about 20ft. in height and more or less pear-shaped fruit, may serve as an example. This is the type of a section comprising many species, all native of south-eastern United States and characterised by the conspicuous glands on



CRATÆGUS ARNOLDIANA,



CRATÆGUS RIVULARIS.



CRATÆGUS FECUNDA.

the mostly obovate-cuneate leaves, petioles and corymbs, and by the few-flowered clusters.

Among the thorns with orange-coloured fruits none is more handsome than the Central Asian *C. Wattiana*. This is a tree of moderate dimensions with bright green, ovate, sharply incised leaves and hanging clusters of translucent fruits which ripen during the last week in August. The flesh is soft and the fruit, in appearance, is as tempting as a grape, but it soon wilts, and by the middle of September has either fallen or hangs shrivelled and dried upon the trees. Quite a number of thorns have lustrous black fruits, but they are of lesser garden value, though many are large and handsome trees. Of this group, *C. rivularis* from the southern Rocky Mountains and *C. Douglasii* of the Puget Sound region of western North America serve as excellent types. Both are trees up to 40ft. tall with rather fluted trunks clothed with grey bark. The first named is fairly pyramidal in habit, whereas Douglas' thorn has a rounded crown.

One of the most widely known of American thorns is *C. punctata*, which has fruits of various colours. On some trees it is red, on others yellow, orange or rose colour. This species is very widely distributed in eastern North America, and is a tree from 25ft. to 35ft. tall with a flattened or rounded crown of wide-spreading branches, sometimes 40ft. and more through. It was introduced into Europe in 1746, and is peculiar in the fact that some individual trees have flowers with yellow and others with rose-coloured anthers; the trees with yellow anthers produce yellow fruits and those with rose-coloured anthers have red fruits.

The great majority of thorns have red fruits varying from dull red through shades of scarlet to the richest crimson, while some have in addition a purple bloomy covering. It is these red-fruited kinds that are the most ornamental and desirable. To this great group belong the two thorns (*C. monogyna* and *C. Oxyacantha*) common throughout the greater part of Great Britain, and with which all are so familiar that any description is superfluous. There are many named sorts of both species, and among them forms with red flowers, both single and double, a feature unknown among all the other vast array of thorns. Few trees are more appreciated than Paul's Double Scarlet thorn, and richly does it deserve the honorable place it has won in the affection of garden-lovers. Another form (*albo-plena*) has double white flowers, another (*pendula*) is of weeping habit, another (*stricta*) has erect branches. The Glastonbury thorn (*C. monogyna* var. *præcox*), around which pretty legendary lore has gathered, is remarkable in flowering in November and December. The fruits of these English thorns are less brilliant in colour than those of many other species, but the variety *Gireoudii*, with lustrous red oblong fruits, is exceptionally good.

Of American red-fruited thorns the first to ripen its fruits is *C. Arnoldiana*, a small tree with a broad crown of ascending and spreading branches and slender, very zigzag branchlets. The fruit is as large as a cherry, bright crimson, and is abundantly produced. From mid-August until mid-September this is one of the most conspicuous trees in the Arnold Arboretum. A closely related species, with equally large fruit which ripens about mid-October, is *C. arkansana*. Very beautiful in fruit in late September, until the middle of November, is *C. succulenta*, with its wealth of bright scarlet globose fruits in drooping clusters. A round-topped, densely branched tree is *C. coccinioides*, with bright orange and scarlet autumn foliage and erect clusters of shining crimson fruits which ripen and fall during the month of October. Another species with orange-red fruit is *C. aprica*, a slender tree some 20ft. tall, native of the low valleys of Southern Appalachian region. Handsome in flower and fruit is the broad-crowned *C. rotundifolia*, the most northern in its range of all American thorns. Well known is *C. Crus-galli*, the Cocks-

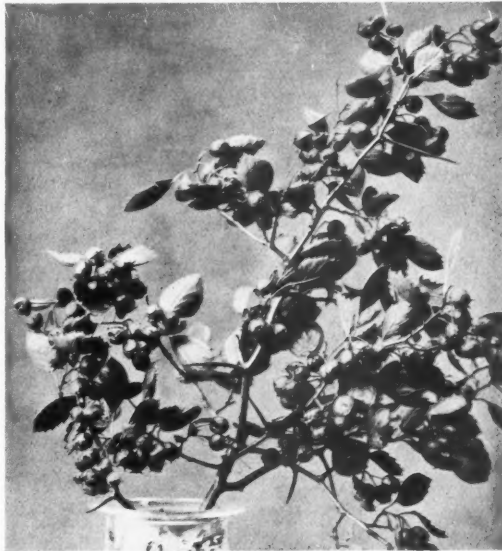
thorn, with its formidable spines, rigid, spreading branches and drooping clusters of sub-globose, dull red fruits which ripen in late October and remain on the branches until spring. This is the type of a large and well defined group, of which other worthy representatives are *C. fecunda*, with orange-red fruit, and *C. macracantha*. The last is most appropriately named, for it has the longest spines of all the thorns, and these are so thickly set on the branches that no animal will face the tree or break through a hedge formed of it. The Rochester thorn (*C. durobrivensis*) is especially valuable for the garden in winter, because its large, dark crimson fruit remains uninjured by frost until long past mid-winter. Another species which holds its fruit late is *C. pruinosa*, with relatively thick, metallic green leaves and large dark red fruits clothed with a purple bloom. But of all the late-fruited thorns none excels *C. cordata*, the Washington thorn, and *C. nitida*. The first named was introduced into Europe in

1738, and is one of the most distinct of all thorns. It is a slender tree from 20ft. to 35ft. tall, with a small and shapely crown, nearly triangular leaves which turn bright scarlet at the end of October. It is one of the latest to open its flowers, and its small lustrous scarlet fruit in clusters remains on the tree until spring with little loss of beauty. Very different in habit is Sargent's *C. nitida*, native of the bottom-lands of the Mississippi River, with wide-spreading lower branches and erect upper branches forming a broad, rather open, unsymmetrical head. It is a tree often 30ft. tall with a tall, straight trunk, and carries its shining scarlet fruit in abundance right through the winter. King Frost cannot dim the lustre of its myriad fruits, which illumine the landscape during the dreariest of days.

Since the variety of thorns is so bewilderingly great, it may be helpful if the names of a selection be given. Of the American thorns the following dozen may be equalled, but, in my opinion, are not excelled: *C. arkansana*, *C. Arnoldiana*, *C. coccinioides*, *C. cordata*, *C. Crus-galli*, *C. durobrivensis*, *C. fecunda*, *C. nitida*, *C. pruinosa*, *C. punctata*, *C. rotundifolia* and *C. succulenta*. Of the Old World species I would select the following: *C. Azarolus*, *C. orientalis*, *C. pinnatifida* and *C. Wattiana*, with forms of the English *C. monogyna* and *C. Oxyacantha* to make the half-dozen.

The wealth of thorns in eastern North America is amazing, and the number of species described leaves one aghast. Sargent, in Vol. IV of his "Silva of North America," published in 1892, admits fourteen species of tree thorns; in his new "Manual of the Trees of North America," issued in 1921, there are enumerated 153 species. There are sceptics who smile at the number of species of *Cratægus* recorded from America, but this aspect of the problem may well be left for the future to decide upon. The one indisputable fact is that the critical investigation of the *Cratægus* during the past twenty-four years has brought to light a great number of useful trees and shrubs, beautiful in flower, autumn foliage and fruit, of extreme hardiness and pre-eminently suited for planting in the parks and gardens of the

coldest of inhabited countries. They thrive alike in the pure air of the country and in the smoke-laden atmosphere of mining regions. In the Arnold Arboretum, twenty of the twenty-two natural groups in which North American species of *Cratægus* can be arranged are well represented in the collections. Most of the Old World species and varieties are well established and about 450 American species flower and ripen their fruit here every year. Nowhere else in the world can such an extensive group of a single genus of hardy trees and shrubs be found for study. To the man who has laboured so assiduously in the investigation of the genus and in the formation of this unique collection our indebtedness as the years roll on will, of a surety, receive full recognition. For this, among other good works, the name of Professor Charles Sprague Sargent will ever be held in grateful remembrance by those who love trees.



THE SCARLET FRUIT OF *CRATÆGUS ROTUNDIFOLIA*.



*CRATÆGUS PINNATIFIDA*, CRIMSON FRUIT.

Illustrations by kind permission of the Arnold Arboretum.



THE Admiralty building reflects the personal nature of the control exercised through long centuries over the English Fleet successively by the Sovereign, the Lord High Admiral or the Commissioners. The Lords or Commissioners are appointed by patent to exercise the functions of the Lord High Admiral. This, the ninth great officer of State until Henry VIII reorganised the administration of the Navy, was a post of great and wide, but somewhat vaguely defined powers. For the management of the civil, constructional and supply affairs of this fleet the Navy Board was created, which, until its abolition in 1832, was housed entirely separate from the Lord High Admiral or his representatives: first, somewhere at Deptford or Greenwich; in 1628, in the neighbourhood of the Tower; in 1654, accommodation was secured in Seething Lane, where the Navy Board remained till 1786, when it moved into premises specially built for it in Somerset House. Thence its administrative departments, which were, on its abolition, brought under the direct control of the Admiralty, were turned out, between 1869 and 1873, in a process of being brought under one roof with the Admiralty, before the said roof was enlarged to receive it. So, for twenty years these departments were packed into small houses in New Street and Spring Gardens, until they could gradually move into the new buildings. Thus, in our consideration of the Admiralty, we can regard it first as the private and, later, the official residence of the Lord High Admiral, with a few office rooms for the secretary's staff only.

The first Admiralty, in that sense, was a house on Deptford Green, "where Lord Howard of Effingham resided and the Admiralty for a long time held their board," in a room with a balcony facing the Thames, and a mantelpiece with the arms of Sir Thomas Howard (later third Duke of Norfolk), Lord High Admiral in 1524, which was removed in the eighteen-twenties to Trematon, Cornwall, where, presumably, it remains. The centralising policy of Elizabeth brought the weekly meetings to the Tower; but with Buckingham's purchase of the office in 1619 we begin to get the Admiralty's connection with Wallingford House, where the duke resided and on the site of which the present Admiralty stands. York House, which Buckingham built, was also in some sort an Admiralty, as the presence of the fouled anchor on the water-gate testifies. During the Commonwealth and the earlier years of Charles II's reign a room in the Palace at Whitehall was used, alternatively with Derby House, rented in 1655 by the Commonwealth, and again in 1674 by Pepys, from the Duke of Ormonde, who was one of the Commissioners. Pepys used Derby House until, 1680, when the meetings returned to Whitehall, where business was transacted, sometimes in Lord Brouncker's house and at others in the Robes Chamber. In 1688, when Pepys resumed office as Secretary, the meetings shifted to his new house in York Buildings, erected on the site of the recently demolished York House, where the Adelphi now stands; for the King, then Lord High Admiral, was unable to provide quarters of the semi-private and residential nature



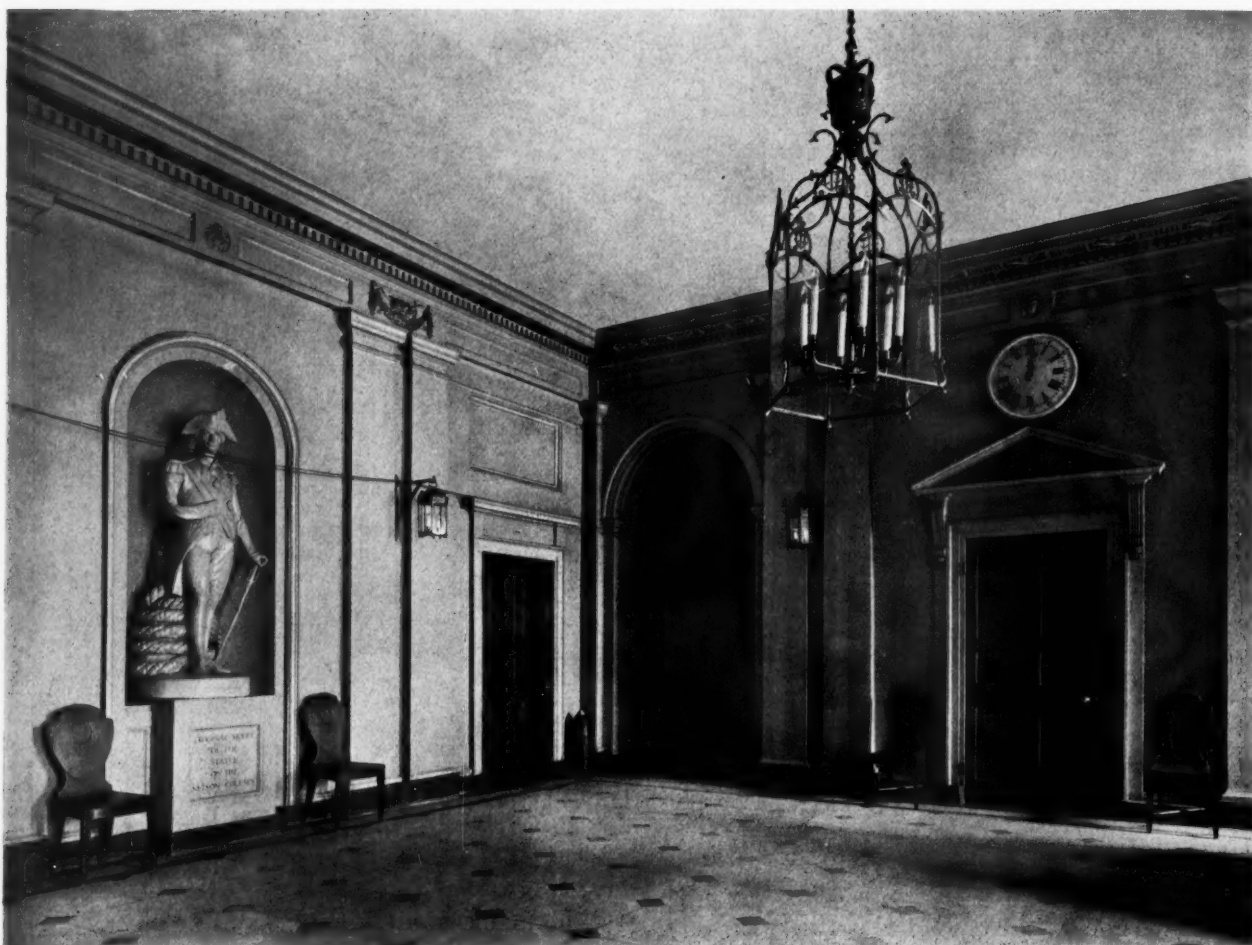
1.—RIPLEY'S FACADE, ADAM'S SCREEN WITH MICHEL HENRY SPANG'S SCULPTURE.



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2.—THE PORTICO.

"COUNTRY LIFE,"

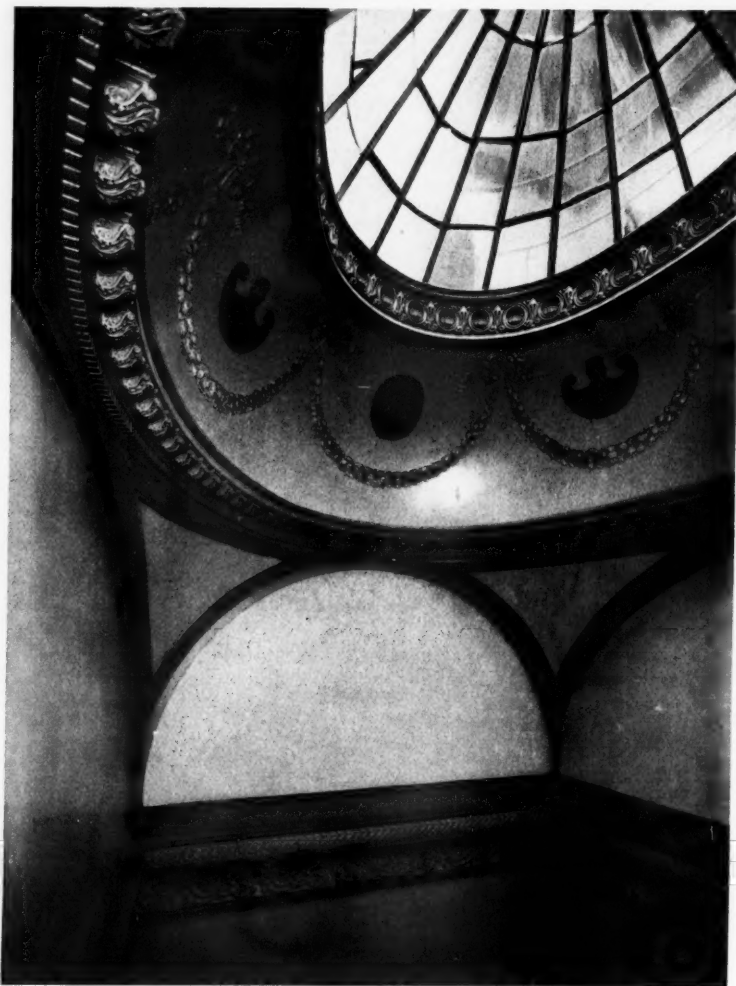


3.—THE PUBLIC ENTRANCE HALL BENEATH THE PORTICO. BUFF COLOURED WALLS.

which characterised the old Admiralty for many years to come.

During William III's reign the Admiralty began to assume its present form. The office of Lord High Admiral, with the exception of a few brief or insignificant revivals, passed permanently into commission, whereby seven commissioners or lords received, by an Act of 1690, "all and singular authorities, jurisdiction and powers which by any Act of Parliament have been vested in the Lord High Admiral," including, incidentally, a residence. Two years later a further resolution was passed, confirming the constitution of the Commission of Admiralty, of such persons as are of known experience in maritime affairs, and enacting that, for the future, all orders for the management of the Fleet do pass through the Admiralty that shall be so constituted. This is the original statutory authority for the Admiralty.

Thus, at last, machinery was set up to do what, in effect, must have been got through by the tireless energy of Pepys almost alone. At that time the new Admiralty was housed in Duke Street, in the "princely" residence erected for himself by Judge Jeffries, overlooking St. James's Park, till, in 1695, it removed into premises on the site of Buckingham's old home of Wallingford House. These were constructed in haste during wartime by "John Evans, carpenter of St. Martins in the Fields." The agreement is dated September, 1694, and in June of the succeeding year the Commissioners moved into it. So, in 1722, one is not surprised to hear that the premises were reported to be "very slight and so far decayed that they cannot be depended on"; whereupon it was decided to build larger premises on the same site, and Thomas Ripley made out the designs for the U-shaped block which now faces Whitehall. The Board moved to a house in St. James's Square, where the meetings were held from May, 1723, till September, 1725, when Ripley's existing block was completed. His difficulty, in addition, no doubt, to the conflicting requirements of a



Copyright. 4.—CEILING (1786) OF "THE BEST STAIR." "C.L."

committee, was to fill the long narrow site of Wallingford House. Other works of Ripley's, such as Houghton and Wolterton, show him to have been a better architect than the insulting remarks of Pope and Horace Walpole would lead one to suppose. It was Sir Robert Walpole's interest that procured the work for Ripley, but one cannot help deploring that Kent belonged to the Burlington clique and was, therefore, passed over. An Admiralty by the architect of the Horse Guards would, undoubtedly, have been at least lighter and less ungainly than the existing building.

The height and narrowness of the façade are accentuated by the screen which Robert Adam, probably at the instance of Admiral Boscawen, was instructed to build across it in 1759-61. The original brick wall and wooden gateway projected farther into the street and were demolished under the road widening scheme consequent upon the removal of the Holbein gate to Whitehall Palace in 1759. Adam was, at that time, working for Boscawen at Hatchlands, near Guildford, and the screen, restored earlier this year to its original condition with a central arch—instead of two gaps broken by the Duke of Clarence in 1827-28—is his earliest work in London. The sculptured medallions, which are particularly charming, are the work of the Danish sculptor Michel Henry Spang, who died in 1768. The architectural effect of the screen upon the buildings behind it was fully discussed in COUNTRY LIFE for July 28th, 1923. Here we will only say that Adam seems to have purposely accentuated the breadth of his screen at the expense of Ripley's work. No doubt, he was out to show off his own abilities in this first opportunity, and, therefore, could not afford to pander to the weaknesses of a predecessor. As it is, the Admiralty buildings and its screen harmonise as badly as could be expected of a bluff old sea-dog and a genteel dilettante.

The Admiralty in Ripley's days—and, indeed, until very recent years—was a comparatively small body, and the greater part of its premises were occupied by the residences of the seven Lords of the Admiralty, which varied in commodiousness with their seniority. Thus, the First Lord had first choice, and preferred the south-west corner. Seven or eight other lords or secretaries occupied residences in the building; and so, only a few rooms in the centre and in the basement and attics were left for the secretariat clerks.

Entering beneath the portico, we come into a hall of one storey, which has preserved its original decoration of plain pedimented doorways and oak doors. In the centre hangs an admirable brass lamp of late eighteenth century workmanship, the chain-ring issuing from a Royal crown, and the anchors

decorating the base being free to hang. This belonged to the Navy Board, and was probably brought from its City office. Other lamps of *circa* 1790 were formerly in the Admiralty yacht. In a niche facing the entrance is Bailey's original model for the Nelson statue on the top of the Trafalgar Square column.

The second door on the left of the hall gives into the captains' waiting-room, where Nelson's body lay in state on the night before the burial in St. Paul's. The room has a pleasant arched ceiling and a late eighteenth century fanlight over the entrance. It was, presumably, here that Captain Marryat, worn out with waiting, inscribed the following lines over the chimneypiece, though they have now disappeared:

In sore affliction, tried by God's command,  
Of patience, Job, a great exemplar stands;  
But in these days, a trial more severe  
Had been Job's lot, if God had sent him here.



Copyright.

5.—THE BOARD ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

We now ascend to the Board Room by a staircase which was reconstructed when, in 1785-88, the present First Lord's residence was added to the south. The treads, ironwork and handrail appear to be coeval with Ripley's building, but seem, from plans of different dates, to have been moved a few yards, probably during the 1785 reconstruction, to their present position. The former stairs would have been lighted by windows, but the new south wing blocked all these. A dome containing a skylight had, therefore, to be inserted, and the wall which had separated the well from

the passage running down the centre of the main block was entirely removed on the first-floor level. This can be traced in the accounts, as, for example, where Thomas Monday, bricklayer, mentions—

... altering doorways 2 Pair, altering door at bottom of N.E. stair (*i.e.*, to the north-east of First Lord's new wing). Cutting away for, and making good to principal Timbers in floors and partitions between new and old building, cutting away and making good to hall, taking down and altering Gables over best Staircase . . .

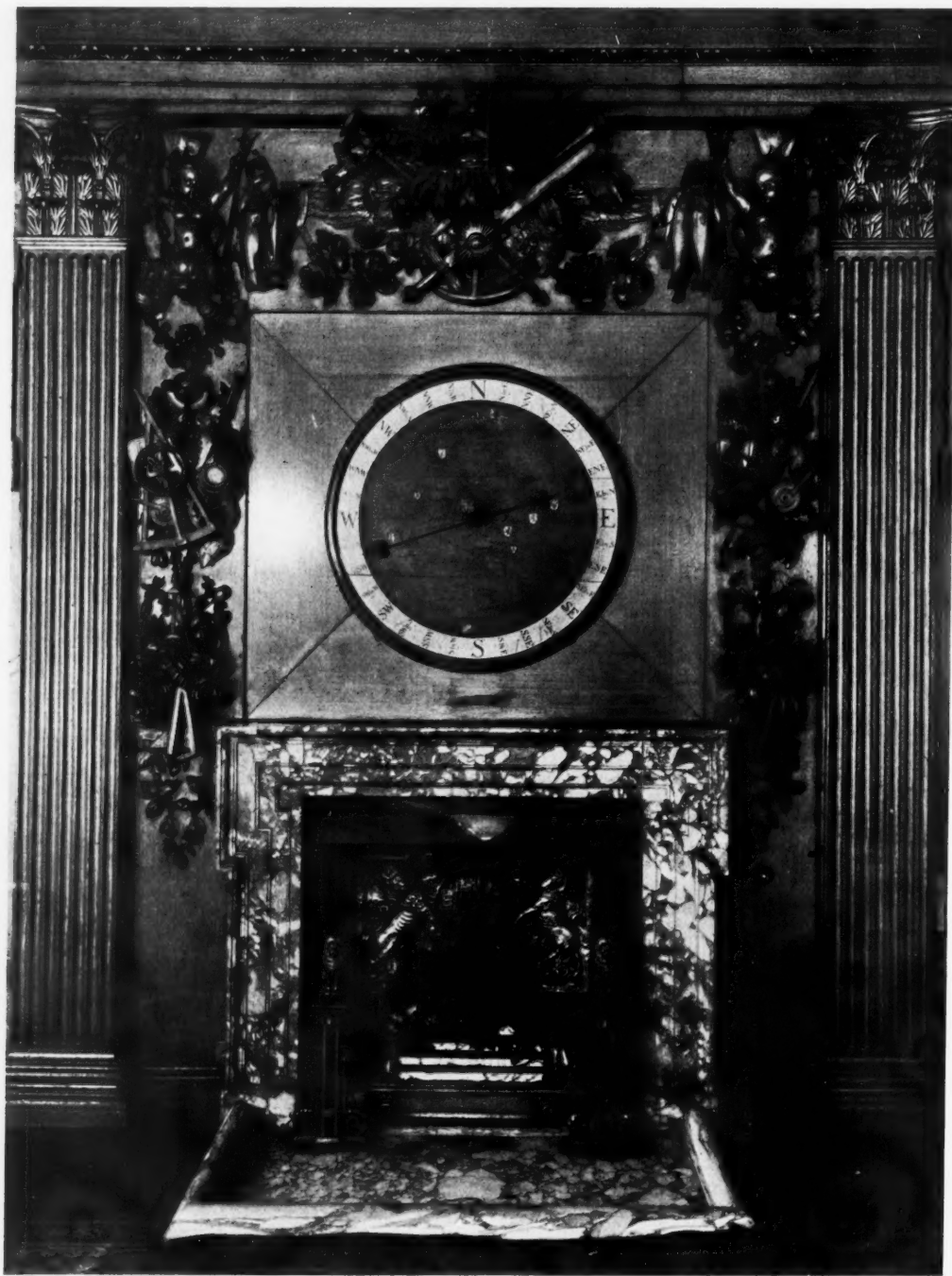
while John Papworth, the plasterer, charged for—

30ft. Elliptical frieze, ornamented with pateras and escalop shells in d°, Sea Dolphins and anchors between; each part fix'd separate . . . . . £4 10 0

is a labour of some complexity, and the quotations made from the accounts quite definitely settle that their present appearance dates from 1786-89.

The entrance to the Board Room faces the head of "the best Staircase." If any chamber in Great Britain can be regarded as historic, the Board Room at the Admiralty is that one. Some consider it to have been made for the 1695 building, and transferred to its present position by Ripley. Although it was given a new ceiling in 1786-88, and the carving and wind-dial above the mantelpiece, having probably been moved at some time, were replaced in what was most likely their original position in 1847, this room is the identical one where many of the gravest decisions in our history have been made, hours of most

tense expectation been spent, and tidings received with which all Britons have been familiar since their earliest schooling. The old admirals of William III's wars—Russell, Cloudesley Shovel, Delaval, Haddock—may conceivably have conferred here, though the great victory of La Hogue must have taken place before its erection. In the latter half of the eighteenth century Anson sat here and, after having been the scene of a reception by Lord Sandwich when First Lord, between 1771 and 1782, at which poor Martha Ray is said to have done hostess, a rapid succession of disasters and victories, great men and surprising incompetents, met within its panelled walls. Here Sandwich faced the loss of the Royal George, and the refusal of Harland, Howe and Barrington to accept command "under such a chief." "Black Dick" Howe, Hood, Keppel, St. Vincent—all the great sea-dogs who ever held office at the Admiralty—sat round the long table. To tell the history of this room would be to tell the full story of the British Fleet. During the last war, Mr. Churchill, Lord Fisher and Sir Henry Jackson used it, and it was here that, Mr. Churchill tells us, he sat and waited through the nights of early August, 1914, when, the Fleet mobilised, the Empire awaited the snapping of a wire to crash into the greatest war of all.



Copyright.

6.—THE BOARD ROOM CHIMNEYPIECE.

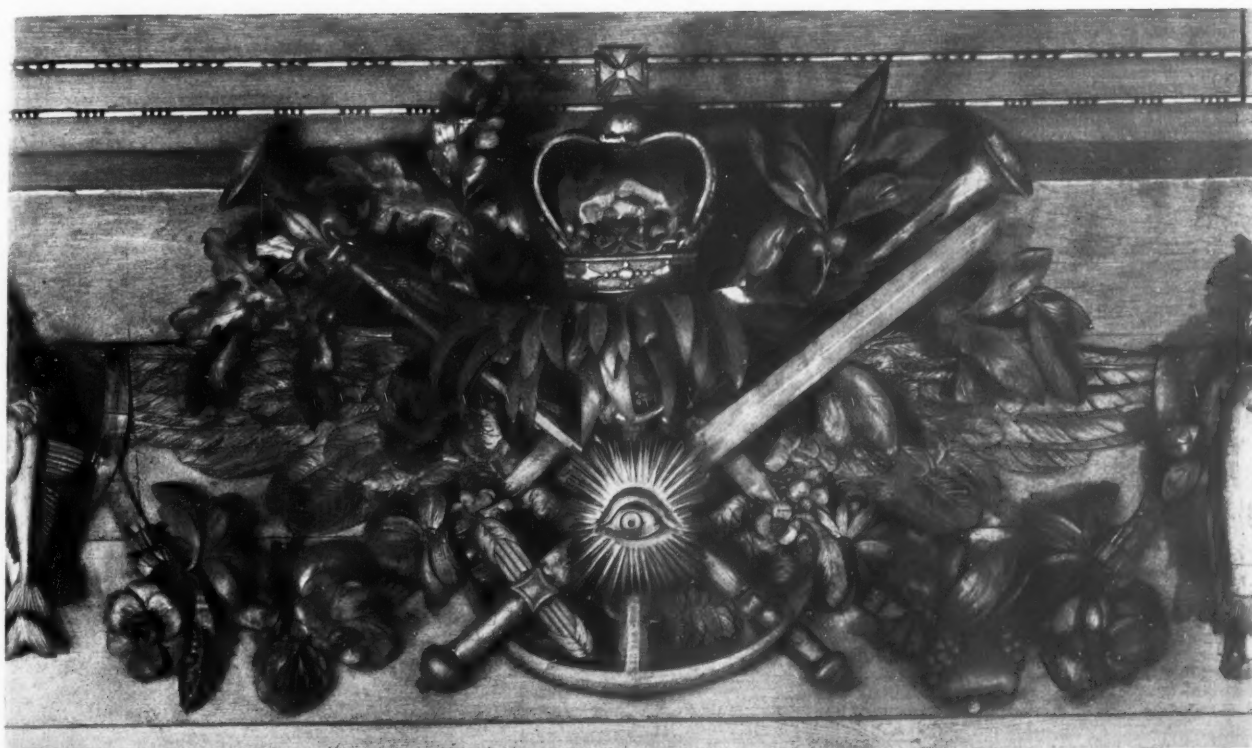
"COUNTRY LIFE."

—referring to the frieze immediately below the skylight in Fig. 4. Where the wall had been cut through to the Board Room passage a pair of trusses, carved in the shape of tritons, were set up, supporting the wall above. This does not seem to have taken place, however, till late in the alterations, as James Hoskyns did not send in his bill for setting up "a pair of Triton trusses in the staircase" till 1789.

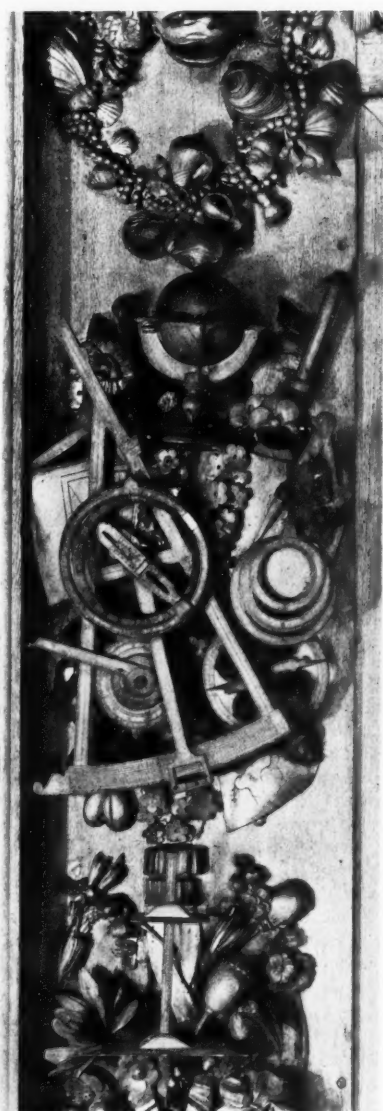
We have entered into the matter of this staircase at some length as it has hitherto been considered to be part of Ripley's interior work. It would be possible to identify all the various items in the decoration of the domed ceiling, but it

Even more moving than the processions of the past, that file through these doors is the vision of future calamities: wars stretching far beyond our feeble efforts at universal peace. The captains and the kings depart, the proud vessels change and are broken up, but this little room seems as unchanging as the bellicose spirit of mankind.

Panelled in dark oak, with fluted Corinthian pilasters marking the principal spaces, either end wall seems originally to have had, between the pilasters flanking the small doors, two groups of lower coupled pilasters supporting short architraves and an arch, while between the groups was a recessed



7.—DETAIL OF OVERMANTEL: THE REGALIA, EYE IN GLORY, BAY, OAK AND PALM LEAVES, WINGS OF VICTORY, AND ANCHOR.



8.—DETAIL OF TOP LEFT SIDE



9.—TOP RIGHT SIDE.



10.—BOTTOM RIGHT SIDE.

shelf for globes, and above the recess, beneath the arch, the wind-dial that is now above the chimneypiece. That, at least, is the arrangement of the north end shown by Pugin and Rowlandson *circa* 1809. Above the chimneypiece were then a number of rolled-up maps. The magnificent carved work was then on the south end wall. But as it exactly fits its present position, which is the most usual for such work, there can be little doubt that some practical First Lord had it moved from the position it now occupies—fortunately, not out of the room.

The occasion of its replacement was the hanging of the two large pictures, one of William IV, by Beechey, which was purchased in 1847, and, at the other end, the most interesting portrait of Nelson, by Leonardo Guzzardi, painted for Sir William Hamilton at Palermo in 1799, immediately after the Battle of the Nile. Some writer on the Admiralty has called it a "perfectly revolting" picture, and even the label at the bottom permits itself to point out that Lord Nelson was suffering from fever at the time of its painting. Certainly the bleary eyes, bottle nose, flushed face and the cock of the most un-English hat are not the Nelson of the story books; but it is not far off

the lower cross-piece being on a level with the horizon, and the different sections for different altitudes were moved up and down and read off the scale. The sea astrolabe was used for setting out courses and hung vertically. The nocturnal was used by all seamen in the early eighteenth century and was hung against the mast so as to be always ready for use. The backstaff towards the bottom is of another type, invented by John Davis of Limehouse *circa* 1540.

The left-hand side, from the top: Globe, telescope, book, compasses, ring dial (invented by Oughtred), backstaff, rings numbered 3, 6, 12, nocturnal, sea astrolabe, fore-staff, or cross-sector and Gunter's quadrant. This latter instrument was probably fitted with a circular tide indicator on the back, as shown in the one on the other side. There is some appropriateness in its being shown here, because Gunter drew the lines on the King's dials in Whitehall Gardens. He wrote on the use of the sector, cross-staff and quadrant, and supplied navigators with most useful tables.

In consequence of the extreme realism of these objects, Professor Knobel thought they were really the instruments



Copyright. 11.—THE COMMISSIONERS' TABLE, SHOWING THE PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY'S SEAT. "C.L."

the Nelson of Emma, nor that embittered figure who passes through Mr. Ollivant's brilliant little book, "The Gentleman."

The wind-dial, similar to the one in the William III Gallery at Kensington, dates from Anne's reign, if not earlier, and is faintly mapped with the British seas and adjacent coasts, each country ornamented with its heraldic cognizance, while ships, whales and allegorical figures occur among the waters. The surrounding carved pearwood festoons are a medley of fruit, flowers, nautical instruments and Royal insignia. Recently, moreover, they were examined by Professor Knobel and also by Mr. R. T. Gunther in connection with the Exhibition of Astronomical and Nautical Instruments organised by him at Oxford. From their expert reports the following facts are taken.

The right-hand side, examined from the top, contains: A globe, a telescope, a forestaff or cross-staff, a pair of compasses, a book of mathematical drawings, a universal ring dial (broken), a sea astrolabe, an ordinary nocturnal, rings numbered 3, 6, 12, a backstaff, a sector, and a volvelle, on the back of a quadrant, for computing tides. The forestaff or backstaff is a rod with three movable cross-pieces, used for measuring altitudes and the sun. The staff itself was put against the eye,

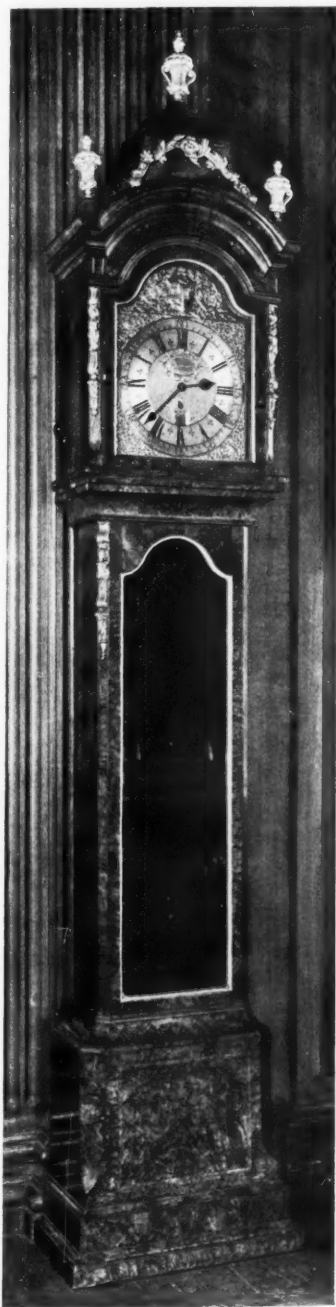
themselves embodied in the decoration. But, as Mr. Gunther pointed out, the actual instruments would scarcely have been made of pearwood, while the marking on the backstaves, etc., is seen, on examination, to be only suggested in some instances. Moreover, they recur in other carved work of the period.

The central member of this group at the top contains the crown, the sceptre and sword of justice intertwined with Fame's trumpets, bay, oak and palm leaves, the Admiralty anchor and the "Eye in glory" which, alone of the emblems so popular early in the seventeenth century, survived among the Royal cognizances of the later Stuarts in token of their divine, all-seeing vision. It practically disappears with Queen Anne and the last vestige of Divine Right. This composition, backed by Victory's wings, is connected by two very delicate festoons with groups of fish and two *putti* astride dolphins and grasping tridents.

The question now arises of the workmanship. Of course, the work is attributed to Grinling Gibbon, and the case is made out, which we have hitherto accepted, that the room is a relic of the 1695 building, when Grinling would have been at the height of his powers. Yet, looking at the rest of the room,

one is struck by the absence of the bolection panels, which undoubtedly would have been used at that date. The only panels remaining unaltered are those filled by Vanderveldt sea pieces, above the principal doors and various surfaces on the fireplace side. These are either surrounded by frames with broken corners, or are left entirely flat in the taste which Leoni, Burlington and Kent began to revive in the twenties of the eighteenth century. Moreover, the Corinthian pilasters and the cornice have a Georgian rather than a William III look.

The carved work may, of course, be a relic of the 1695 building transferred in 1725. But the only other occasion where nautical instruments occur in such carving as this is in a carved drop in the saloon at Lyme Hall, Cheshire.



12.—WALNUT VENEER AND GILT CLOCK, BY BRADLEY.

There are four of them, and there appear in all of them the bay, oak and palm leaves, the wings and trumpets. On the other hand, the Lyme drops bear several very close affinities to the carving surrounding the portraits of the Duke and Duchess of Somerset at Petworth, notably in a classic vase similar to the ones so admired by Walpole at Petworth. In the nautical drop at Lyme recur both kinds of forestaff, the globe, sector, compasses, the astrolabe and the three numbered rings, so that it is practically impossible not to conclude that the Lyme and the Admiralty work is by the same hand; but it is practically certain that the Lyme work was not executed until 1726, when the Elizabethan house was transformed by Leoni. Incidentally, the rest of the room,



13.—ADMIRALTY BARGE COXSWAIN'S BADGE: SILVER-GILT, MARK FOR 1736.

though richer, and adorned with Ionic instead of Corinthian pilasters, is closely akin to the Board Room.

Gibbon died in 1721, a year before Ripley began the Admiralty, but ten years after completing the last work attributable to him on documentary authority, namely, at Hampton Court. We are, therefore, forced to decide that this work was executed by an excellent associate whom we may call the Master of the Nautical Instruments, who could exactly reproduce many of Gibbon's finest tricks—notably, the marvellously fragile palm leaves which Gibbon first achieved at Petworth in 1692. The Master of the Nautical Instruments, however, is most at home with inanimate objects, and it is possible to hazard that he was actually at Petworth with Gibbon



Copyright 14.—VERGES OF ADMIRALTY AND NAVY OFFICE. "C.L."

and executed some of the vases, violins, ruffles, quivers and other concrete objects under the eye of Gibbon, which he subsequently reproduced here and at Lyme and, we may add, in the Redland Chapel, near Bristol, as late as 1740, where notably recur books reminiscent of the books of drawings in the work under discussion. Apart from inanimate objects, the Master of the Nautical Instruments had complete mastery of various kinds of leaves, especially palm leaves, but in general conception he lacked the chief characteristic of Gibbon—the combination of plastic largeness with what one can only describe as agitated minuteness. Gibbon's undoubted work is immediately recognisable by this combination, and his work seems at once solid but "all of a tremble." The flowers here might conceivably rattle if shaken, but we cannot imagine them trembling in the lightest breeze.

The ceiling, always coved, was certainly renewed in 1786-88. To begin with, the rosettes and interlacing circles of the ceiling itself are entirely alien to Ripley's period, while the cove, with its raking octagon coffering, is exactly similar to work in the present boudoir in the 1786 wing. Moreover, direct references to such work are made by such entries as:

128ft. of raking diminished octagon panels in cove  
288ft. of No. 96 diminished octagon pannels in Cove raised 1 in. and  
4½, 4, 3½ and 3 in. wide  
421ft. of circular raised margins.

In 1847 the accounts show that this ceiling was painted buff, though it is questionable whether it was not already that colour. At that date, as we have seen, the carved work was moved to its present position, and it would be interesting to know whether W. G. Rogers, the remarkable remnant of the Gibbon school, who did such excellent preservative work at Belton, did not have a hand in the resetting of this work.

It remains but to mention the unique mahogany table, with its desk-shaped end where a deep recess is provided for the first secretary. This most likely dates from 1789 and was, of course, made for the room. The very fine walnut veneer

grandfather clock was also specially made for the Admiralty, for in the scrolled metalwork above the face—inscribed with the name of L. Bradley—the anchor is introduced amid the whorls. The case has gilt gessoed ornaments on the corner bevels, which show the influence of Daniel Marot, and the front has its original glazed door. Langley Bradley was a leading clockmaker from 1696 till *circa* 1725. He made a watch for William III to give to Wren, and also made the turret clock for St. Paul's in 1708. Two clocks such as this are in the Wetherfield collection. This piece appears, from its case, to have been made *circa* 1697.

On a table beneath the Nelson picture rest two verges: that of the Admiralty, with a screw-on silver crest, and of the Navy Office with a plain hemispherical top. The former bears the maker's mark "I F," and dates from 1662; while the latter has a date-letter almost undecipherable, but which may be "I" for 1786 or "I" for 1804. These were carried on ceremonial occasions when the Lords of the Admiralty proceeded to their barge, and are still carried before their lordships on State occasions.

On the same table is preserved the silver-gilt badge (16½ ins. high) marked for 1736, worn by the coxswain of the Admiralty barge until its abolition in 1863. In 1849, twenty-four out of forty-four similar badges then existing as worn by the barge's crew, on which the anchor only is gilt, were sold to a silversmith, and in 1863 fifteen of the remaining twenty were sent to the Mint to be cast into seamen's long service medals. Four others were presented to the British, Victoria and Albert and United Services Museums and to the Society of Antiquaries. As sconces, these badges would have been magnificent if more had been preserved. Their workmanship, though heavy, is most pleasing, and we can see in them the repetition of many objects from the carved wood overmantel.

Next week we will illustrate the First Lord's official residence, containing some very remarkable furniture, chimneypieces and pictures.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

## THE GOLFER IN THE AGONY COLUMN

**A** WEEK or so ago there appeared, on at least two successive days, in the Agony Column of a famous paper a piteous heart's cry. Someone had "inadvertently taken" from a Dormy House the wrong bag of clubs, and the true owner besought him to return it. Since the advertisement has not appeared again, it is possible that the clubs have been returned, but it is equally possible that they have not. The unintentional thief may have gone into winter quarters, given up golf for the present, put away what he believes to be his clubs in the box-room against the return of spring, and may not be a student of the most poignant column in the newspapers. Or he may—lucky dog—have gone to the South of France, and only have discovered himself with a strange pack of clubs and no clue to their ownership, on the fair links of Napoules or Sospel. At first sight it seems that this is a horrid state of things for both parties. Drivers and irons are not like hats. X only takes my hat from the club if it more or less fits him, and so it follows that his more or less fits me. Knowing my hats as I do, I find that I nearly always get the better of such an exchange. Only once have I possessed a hat bearing on its lining the name of a world-famous hatter, and I owed it to one of these little accidents. Much the same applies to umbrellas; as to which some wag once said that they were *fera natura* and so not the subject of theft at common law. Many people have better umbrellas than I have and nobody has worse ones. It is heads I win and tails my fellow member loses. It is otherwise with golf clubs. Clubs are taken because two bags are alike and, perhaps, each has a red umbrella outside it. It does not follow that the clubs inside are alike.

As I said, it *seems* a bad business, but it may not necessarily be so. It may be the very luckiest thing that ever happened to that tearful gentleman at the Dormy House. To begin with, he will have an extraordinarily interesting time of it in trying to tame the other fellow's clubs. And they may put him right on to the game which he had lost. It is certain that for a round or two he will forget all about theories and elbows and toes, and stick to hitting, and that is sometimes a wonderful cure. I always remember a really excellent round which I once played years ago with someone else's clubs. The course was abominably bad and quite new, and the clubs were not in the least like my own. Further, since it was a cold day and I had not expected to play, I was wrapped up in numerous thick, tight garments, and felt like the stout gentleman in the cricket match at Muggleton, "half a gigantic roll of flannel elevated on a couple of inflated pillow-cases." If I had had my own clubs I should have gone out thinking that it was wholly impossible to play disguised as a polar bear. As it was, I thought so much about my strange clubs that I forgot all about my clothes and played uncommonly well. Moreover, those oozy, muddy meadows seemed a perfect paradise. Heaven forgive me for the

scandalously flattering article which I wrote about them. It sometimes comes back and haunts me.

Even supposing the clubs which that thieving villain left behind him are of no use, our friend is not wholly to be pitied. He has got what he could not otherwise get, a complete justification for launching out and buying, if possible out of income—if not, out of capital—a whole brand new set of clubs. "Think," as the people say who want us to go in for a £5,000 prize competition, "think what it would mean to *you*." Everything costs so much nowadays that you feel as if you were robbing your children in buying even a single club. To be able to buy a bagful and at the same time look your family steadily between the eyes would be almost too much joy. You would do it slowly and gloatingly. You would not, if you were a sensible man, just plunge into a shop on your way back from the City and buy them all at once. The club that is wagged by a man in a black tail coat is apt to turn out wholly different from what it then appears. No, you would rather go down to your favourite professional and buy your clubs one by one, having first tried real shots on real turf with them. You would have one "knocked up" a little so that its lie suited you exactly; a new shaft, just a thought stiffer or springier, put into another. You would have the brassy carefully copied for you, subject to necessary differences, from the driver. Your set would, at length, be perfectly graduated, so that there should be no gaps between the irons that wanted bridging over, and no two clubs that were antagonistic to one another and refused to serve you well on the same day. And you would have all this fun with a perfectly clear conscience.

The one tragic thing that might befall, the thing that would make me feel really sorry for the advertiser, would be to buy this beautiful new set and subsequently to have his old ones returned to him. His indecision of mind would then be piteous indeed. He must have a heart of stone if he did not feel some joy at the return of his prodigals. There would be one or two that common gratitude would compel him to restore to his playing set. To make room for them, one or two of the new ones would have to be *dégommés* and put away in the cupboard. Then would ensue a terrible quarrel between the old and the new, for the old regulars would be very jealous of the new temporaries that had had to serve no long apprenticeship, and the temporaries would label the regulars as "dug-ups." There are always some clubs, as there are some people, who, while themselves perfectly efficient, yet have the unhappy faculty of setting all their fellows by the ears, and an old club among a set of new ones—or *vice versa*—has sometimes a disastrous effect. That is, however, unlikely to happen, and I have almost worked myself up into a state of envying the gentleman at the Dormy House. If I think about him any more I shall be too bitterly jealous. Nobody ever steals my clubs. They are too black and too ugly.

BERNARD DARWIN.

# OLD PLATE AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS.—II

BY E. ALFRED JONES, M.A.

THE Edwardian chalice at Totnes, mentioned in the first part of this article, is dated 1551-52 and has a plain beaker-shaped bowl, stem and foot. The knob of the stem is covered with short horizontal lines (Fig. 1). No inscription is engraved upon it. Thirteen chalices of the short reign of Edward VI have been recorded, dating from 1548-49 to 1551-52, and, in the event of complete surveys of the Church plate of all the counties of England being accomplished, others may be brought to light.

Illustrated with it is an unusual type of plain Elizabethan chalice, gilt inside, from the Devonshire church of Slapton, which was wrought by an unknown goldsmith of Exeter or some other place in the West Country. The paten-cover belonging to this chalice is engraved with the sacred monogram and was made by Steven More of Totnes, the maker of the similar paten-cover of the thirteenth century chalice at Ashprington, illustrated in the first article. In height this large vessel is 7½ ins., and the diameter of the mouth is 6 ins. A plain chalice of the same form, but considerably smaller in size, without maker's or other marks, and with a paten-cover by the same Totnes goldsmith, Steven More, was also exhibited by the parish of Torbryan in Devon.

Once again the exhibition provided the spectacle of two essentially secular vessels in churches—this time in the shape of two flagons of German or other ware, ornately mounted in silver, one by an Elizabethan goldsmith of the city of Exeter and the other by a London craftsman, both from the Cornish

church of Menheniot, near Liskeard. The mounts of the Exeter flagon were executed by one Eston, whose mark has been found on Communion plate dated 1572, 1574 and 1582, in Devon and Cornwall. On the wide lip are engraved one female and two male masks within circular panels, interlacing straps and fleurons. Surmounting the cover is a small circular disc cut like a ray, while the cover itself is covered with large flutes alternating with scales. The cover, it will be noticed, is exactly of the same pattern as that of the London flagon. A double acorn forms the thumb-piece. The decoration of the foot consists of a row of cut acanthus leaves and a large guilloche bordering. In height the flagon is 8½ ins. (Fig. 3). Exeter goldsmiths of the Elizabethan age favoured the mounting of stoneware flagons to a considerable extent, and it is estimated that of the recorded examples 10 per cent. were garnished (as the old books pleasantly have it) with silver by craftsmen of this city.

The other flagon is of "tiger" ware and is 9 ins. high to the top of the cherub thumb-piece. The mounts are embellished with the conventional Elizabethan decoration of clusters of fruit and lions' masks in relief in two panels, and they are stamped with the London date-letter for 1578-79 (Fig. 4).

In the important collection of old English plate of the late Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan was a stoneware flagon mounted by that rare Exeter goldsmith, John Eydes, the maker of a chalice and paten-cover from the church of Harpford, Ottery St. Mary, exhibited at Plymouth.

The silver-mounted stoneware flagon which created most interest



1.—PLAIN CHALICE, 1551-52. Totnes.

2.—CHALICE AND PATEN-COVER, Elizabethan. Height 7½ ins. Slapton, Devon.



3.—STONEWARE FLAGON. Height 8½ ins., with silver-gilt mounts by Eston of Exeter. Circa 1575. Menheniot, Cornwall.

4.—STONEWARE FLAGON. Height 9 ins., mounted in silver-gilt by a London goldsmith, 1578-79. Menheniot, Cornwall.



5.—CHALICE AND PATEN-COVER, by a West Country goldsmith, 1576. St. Stythians, Cornwall.



6.—STEEPLE CUP & COVER, 1623-24. Boconnoc, Cornwall.



7.—CUP, 1608-9. Height 12½ ins. Saltash.

in the country was that from the church of West Malling in Kent, for which the great price of 1,500 guineas was paid at Christie's in 1903.

A quaint epitaph of an English goldsmith who mounted these stoneware flagons with precious metal is quoted by Camden :

He that did tip stone jugges about the brim,  
Met with black pot, and that pot tip'd him.

These stoneware vessels ceased to be mounted in any number by English goldsmiths after the death of Queen Elizabeth, though an occasional mount of James I may be detected.

A chalice and paten-cover from the church of St. Stythians in Cornwall has been chosen for illustration as an example of the work of a West Country goldsmith of the year 1576. The double interlaced band of conventional arabesques below the lip and the similar band at the base of the body and on the foot are conventional features of Elizabethan chalices elsewhere in England, though they seldom occur in such profusion. A paten-cover in two tiers, similarly decorated, as this is, and the high handle, are likewise somewhat unusual (Fig. 5).

Two more gifts of secular plate to churches some years after these vessels had emerged from the hands of their makers have now to be described and illustrated. The first is a rare little Jacobean silver flagon or tankard of cylindrical form, 8½ ins. high to the top of the cover, which is plain except for the engraved band of laurels and the three sprays of foliage set at intervals

on this band, encircling the centre of the body. The edges of the slightly domed cover and the base are stamped with a conventional ovolo pattern. The thumb-piece is a mask, cast and chased, and the back of the scrolled handle is engraved with fruit (Fig. 9). Engraved in one line on the body is the following inscription: "The Gift of Mary Mathew Widow to y<sup>e</sup> Church of Rockbeare Devon—1676." This interesting vessel was made in London in 1605-6, and is assumed to have been bequeathed by Mary Mathew at her death in October, 1676. The second piece is a small silver-mounted tankard or flagon

of dark stoneware, 7 ins. high, now cracked. All the silver mounts—the cover, lip, the band around the body, and the handle—are quite plain. On the edge of the short foot is a silver border of cut acanthus leaves. The following inscription is engraved on the lip, together with the donor's arms in a lozenge :

THE GIFT OF MRS IOANNA  
MAPOWDER TO THE CHVRCH OF  
PYWORTHY FOR THE VSE OF THE  
LORDS Table FOREVER

These silver mounts were probably added by a provincial goldsmith of the early seventeenth century, who stamped the cover, lip and foot with his distinctive mark, a Roman capital R in a plain shield (Fig. 10). In the official guide to the exhibition the cover is described as "obviously an afterthought"; but, apart from the convincing evidence of the mark, I am of the opinion that it is contemporary with the other mountings.

Two more examples of the work of West Country



8.—CHARLES I DISH, 1631-32. Diameter 9 ins. Yealmpton, near Plymouth.



9.—SILVER FLAGON, 1605-6. Height 8½ ins.  
Rockbeare, Devon.

10.—TANKARD OF STONEWARE, silver-mounted. Early  
seventeenth century. Height 7 ins. Pyworthy, Devon.

goldsmiths are included, namely, two Elizabethan chalices and their paten-covers (Fig. 11). The first is by John Cotton of Barnstaple, where he worked from 1568 to 1601. The three bands of short horizontal lines on the bowl and on the foot and paten-cover are more curious than decorative. This vessel is not without historic interest, for it was used by the poet Vicar of Morwenstow

in Cornwall, the Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker, author of the well known West Country legend, "The Silent Tower of Bottreau by the Severn Sea." For two reasons the second chalice with its paten-cover, from Cadeleigh, near Tiverton, is interesting, first because it is the only ecclesiastical vessel now extant by the Exeter goldsmith, Richard Osborne, who was working there between 1562 and 1607, and secondly, because the curved lip is confined to the Elizabethan chalices of this part of England.

Prebendary Chanter of Exmouth has published the result of his researches into the history of the Devonshire goldsmiths in Vol. XLIX of the Report of the Devon Association, and there it will be seen that several important craftsmen of Elizabethan times—Thomas Mathew, John Cotton and Peter Quicke—were at work at Barnstaple and not at Exeter, as was generally supposed.

From the conventional Elizabethan chalice we turn again to secular cups in Cornish churches. From the parish church of the ancient borough of Saltash came, with two flagons of 1695-96, a tall Jacobean cup, 12½ ins. high, of the year 1608-9, which is pricked with the following inscription:

*Ex dono Ambrosii et Abrahami Fennens et Gulielmi Pauling  
ad opidum Saltash Cornuwall Anno Domini 1624*

A large Tudor rose and a marguerite are the main decorative features of the bowl. The stem and base follow in outline the Jacobean "steeple" cups, such as that now about to be described, and it is not improbable that the cup was formerly provided with a "steeple" cover (Fig. 7). The decoration of the second cup, from the Cornish church of Boconnoc (Fig. 6), may be seen on several other "steeple" cups, including the large specimen presented by Sir Francis Bassett, M.P., to the Corporation of St. Ives, which has the following charming inscription:

*If any discord 'twixt my friends arise  
Within the Borough of beloved St. Ives  
It is desyred that this my cuppe of love  
To everie one a peace maker may prove  
Then I am blest to have given a legacie  
So like my hart unto posteritie.*

*F. BASSETT, anno 1640.*

It may not be inappropriate to mention in passing that the old silver maces and the more interesting old silver oars of the Corporation of Saltash, dating from 1623 and 1760, were also exhibited at the Church Congress.



11.—CHALICE AND PATEN-COVER,  
by John Cotton, Barnstaple. Circa 1575.  
Morwenstow, Cornwall.

12.—CHALICE AND PATEN-  
COVER, by Richard Osborne, Exeter.  
Circa 1575. Cadeleigh, Devon.

The date of the Boconnoc cup is 1623-24, and the maker's mark stamped upon it, "F T" in a monogram, is attributed to the London goldsmith Fred Terry, the maker of another "steeple" cup of 1611-12 in the Devonshire church of Instow, and one at Christ's College, Cambridge, as well as a third steeple cup and four other cups in the great collection of old English plate in the Kremlin at Moscow. This goldsmith may, perhaps, be identified with the Mr. Terry of Lombard Street who was required by the Goldsmiths' Company in 1610 to reform his glass window, which was declared to be more becoming a barber than a goldsmith.

The second part of this article will conclude with an account of a rare piece of plate of Charles I, exhibited by the parish of Yealmpton, near Plymouth (Fig. 8). It is a circular silver dish, gins. in diameter, standing on a plain truncated foot.

The border is decorated with four cherubs' heads in relief and plain flat scrolls, while at the angles of the plain depression are large scrolls and acanthus leaves. It is stamped with the London date letter for 1631-32 and the maker's mark, "WS" in a monogram with an arrow (assigned to Walter Shute).

Some of these rare pieces of old English domestic plate received but scant notice in the official guide to the exhibition, yet a seventeenth century cup, interesting enough but not of outstanding interest, is not only illustrated but favoured with a laudatory description. This observation is not made by way of criticism of the compilers, who are dependent for their descriptions upon the custodians and who are obliged to print the guide before the opening of the exhibition, but merely to emphasise the unsuspected riches of the exhibition.

## THOMAS HARDY'S PLAY for MUMMERS\*

WE venture to prophesy that Mr. Hardy's Christmas gift, though a woeful tragedy, will be a dear delight to his readers. Merlin has done his conjuring well. The two queens, both Iseult the Fair and her of the white hands, King Mark and Sir Tristram, with the other knights, squires, retainers, and the choruses of dead men and dead women, emerge, not as mummies dug out by an archæologist, but as human beings to whom the imagination of the poet has granted a true resurrection. They may not be the exact personages on whom was fathered the entrancing love story which ever since it was first recited by some nameless minstrel of genius has fascinated poet, painter and whosoever else has owned an artist's soul, but they are alive. At the end we recognise that Merlin has kept his promise:

To set, in ghostly grave array,  
Their blitheness, blood, and tears,  
Feats, ardours, as if rife to-day  
Before men's eyes and ears.

Mr. Hardy has found a task to his mind. His personality has crept into every detail of the book—even the jacket. Who, being familiar with his figure—small, clean-built, light-stepping—would not recognise in it the neatness characteristic of the wrapper, which is a facsimile of the author's title for his manuscript? Another trait of character is made manifest in the inscription:

IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE  
OF THOSE WITH WHOM I FORMERLY SPENT  
MANY HOURS AT  
THE SCENE OF THE TRADITION,  
WHO HAVE NOW ALL PASSED AWAY  
SAVE ONE.  
E. L. H.  
C. H.  
H. C. H.  
F. E. H.

At times a line or phrase wafts the lover of Hardy's verse back to the atmosphere of some of its most poignant references:

—(so a sea-nath hints me  
That heeds the tidings every troubled billow  
Wails to the Beeny-Sisters from Pen-Tyre)—

"Sea-nath" is Dorset's name for the puffin, and its employment here is an artist's device for bringing out the plaintive melody of a tiny seascape etched in words.

The little one-act drama is called a tragedy because it ends catastrophically, but it would not be difficult to show that it is a love poem. All the best gifts of the author—curiosity, imagination, sympathy and understanding—have been exerted in finding expression for the passion and despair of the love-lorn queens. His success is seen in the distraught conversations that occur during a sequence of heartbreaking incidents and in the lyrics so appropriate to the text. As an example we quote the lines Queen Iseult sings softly to herself when tormented by doubts whether Tristram is living or dead:

Could he but live for me  
A day, yea, even an hour,  
Its petty span would be  
Steeped in felicity  
Passing the price of Heaven's held-dearest dower:  
Could he but live, could he  
But live for me!

For a contrast to this rendering of feminine love and longing, take the verses sung to Queen Iseult by Tristram in the disguise of a harper:

Let's meet again to-night, my Fair,  
Let's meet unseen of all;  
The day-god labours to his lair,  
And then the evenfall!  
O living lute, O lily-rose,  
O form of fantasie,  
When torches waste and warders doze  
Steal to the stars will we!

While nodding knights carouse at meat  
And shepherds shamble home,  
We'll cleave in close embraces—sweet  
As honey in the comb!

Till crawls the dawn from Condol's crown,  
And over Neitan's Kieve,  
As grimly ghosts we conjure down  
And hopes still weave and weave!

The choruses chanted by the Shades of Dead Old Cornish Men and Dead Old Cornish Women fall in perfectly with a technique which Mr. Hardy has made his own and used so effectively in "The Dynasts."

Such is a brief description of the one-act play which Mr. Hardy has devised for mummery, as he says, between jest and earnest, as the reader may well surmise. It has many points of interest to which scarcely allusion has been made. One is the immortality of a love-tale more intense than any other which has been told during the thousand years odd in which it has existed. Passion does not seem to run so strongly in modern life as it did in olden time, perhaps because the generation in which we live has many interests that compete with that which is called "falling in love." In some novel that appeared not long ago the whole thing was reduced to ridicule by a proposal and acceptance made on Brighton beach, "Let's get married," said he; and she answered, "Let's." Though the matter may be reduced to prose and ridicule in this way, the longing and passion of old time still endure as a race memory and an instinct. It is not at all improbable that Mr. Hardy's experiment will cause a new exploration of the records dealing with King Arthur and his Knights. It may be the prelude to that periodic return to the romantic novel which is becoming overdue. Whether that be so or not, those who get up private parties to read or act this drama will do a good deal towards reviving and, indeed, improving the glories of Christmas-time. After the meat and mince pies have been consumed, when the traditional osculation has been duly enacted under what our forefathers called the mystic berry, the company might be hard put to it to find purer enjoyment than this little piece is ready at any moment to yield to those who appreciate it intelligently.

P. A. G.

\* The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall at Tintagel in Lyonesse, by Thomas Hardy. (Macmillan, 6s. net.)

Riceyman Steps, by Arnold Bennett. (Cassell, 7s. 6d.)

SOMEWHERE about a year ago, it may be surmised, Mr. Arnold Bennett took counsel with himself thus: "Misers. Yes, I am aware that there are a good many misers in fiction already. I am even aware that the number of celebrated misers in fiction is inconveniently large. Nevertheless, I shall create another miser. Moreover, my miser shall be not only a new miser, but an attractive miser. So! I have sworn it. It is written. Or, at any rate, it very soon will be." The result is *Riceyman Steps*. Henry Earlfoward, the miser hero, is attractive; his wife, Violet, the semi-miser heroine, is his rival in attractiveness; and as for Elsie, their ignorant, stupid and far from clean young charwoman, she is a perfect darling. Anything more exquisite, for instance, than the little three-page love scene which is Chapter VII, is inconceivable. All the action takes place in mean streets in Clerkenwell; all the characters, except a doctor, are more or less sordid characters; Henry and Violet both die of cancer; and are instantly, utterly and deservedly forgotten by everyone but Elsie. Yet they remain attractive; and the book, far from being a depressing book, is a joyous and invigorating book. I do not, of course, expect you to believe any of this. A day or two ago I read similar extravagant remarks, and did not believe them. I said to myself (just as you are saying), "No. This is too much. I am not a fool. The person who wrote this review is obviously suffering from an Arnold Bennett complex, and no dependence whatever, therefore, is to be placed upon these statements. There is no such thing as a new miser. And as for an attractive miser—monstrous!" Yet, I am not suffering from an Arnold Bennett complex; there is no person alive who detests Mr. Arnold Bennett more heartily than I frequently do. But that is when he exercises his gifts of observation wit, bright blandness and literary polish to achieve a sort of fiendish

lessness. In *Riceman Steps*, on the other hand, he does what he is well able to do and yet maddeningly seldom does; he adds to his urbanity humanity, and to his humour tenderness. That is what makes this the best book that he has written for years; that is why he will get tired of hearing it compared with "The Old Wives' Tale"; and that is why no reader need be deterred, by its thoroughly dingy setting, from reading it. It is impossible not to enjoy it. V. H. F.

*One of Ours*, by Willa Cather. (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.)

AS we said recently of Mrs. Wharton's "A Son at the Front," so, alas, it must be said of Miss Willa Cather's *One of Ours*—that it has been written too soon or too late. The intellectual and literary excellences of both books only make the pity of this undeniable fact the greater. That which has been, and was evil; that which is to be shall be, and may be good; but meanwhile we are still stunned by the former event, still ignorant of the latter. Consequently, the more skilfully a novelist reconstructs for us the circumstances of nine years ago and our reactions to them, the more uncomfortable we feel. Miss Cather's subject differs from Mrs. Wharton's in that she deals less with the American in France than with the American in America. Her young hero, Claude Wheeler, is a touching figure. A born, but unconscious, idealist, puzzled and struggling in a world of materialism, he finds himself, when the war comes, for the first time able to gratify his passion for service and self-abnegation, and he is killed before the glory fades for him. The voyage to France and the war scenes are done with admirable insight and vigour; but it is the picture of life in a small, rural, American community that remains most vividly in the mind, the picture of what someone has called "that malignant relic of the dark ages, the country village." We have, of course, the same narrowness in England, the same censoriousness and deadening mediocrity and mean curiosity; but one thing, at least, we escape: a sort of drabness that gets into the very language, and so into one's very bones. Here is an example. Claude, unhappily married and disillusioned, sometimes takes refuge in a little wood on his father's property. But can the poor boy call it a wood, and so get out of it all the solace of association and beauty that the past has put into it? He cannot. America remains in our minds as the place where a wood is not a wood, but, most shockingly, a timber-claim. It is the timber-claim attitude to life that is Claude's tragedy, and it needs to be attacked as Miss Cather attacks it. But—the war? No, that is a pity. V. H. F.

#### A BOOK OF THE OUTLAWS.

*Shetland Pirates and Other Wild Life Studies*, by Frances Pitt. (Allen and Unwin, 10s. 6d.)

MISS PITT'S excursions are along unfrequented ways, and her familiarity with the rare and the unknown within the borders of our own country is in itself a guarantee of our enjoyment. Add to that excellent powers of observation, sufficient perception and a competent way of using her invaluable material, and it is easy to see that her reputation is secure. The outlaws are her main theme in this volume—the two skuas, the merlin, the raven, the wild cat, the fourmart, the pine marten, and others—and though one could have wished that her studies of some of them had not been confined to captive specimens, which make generalisation a tricky business, the extreme rarity of some of her subjects is certainly a bar to intensive observation of them. But I think that her notes upon the humours and mentality of a pair of captive ravens might have led to a new chapter in our knowledge of these "amusing" birds (to quote Gilbert White), if she had correlated them with the watching of wild ravens. There is a useful record of the quite distinctive Orkney vole, an older type than any of our less interesting mainland voles. Only once has Miss Pitt herself gone—if she will forgive me for the expression—a little wild, and that is in her curious contention, drawn from studying the flight-parties of rooks, that we are not justified in attributing leadership or organisation to the evolutions of birds in the air. Miss Pitt must have seen starlings, dunlin and other shore birds scores of times, a hundred or a thousand birds with but a single thought, manœuvring in flight as though they were all bound together equidistantly by invisible rods, and the compact body of them cutting designs in space, as though one invisible hand were guiding them. Only the other day I watched a flock of lapwing wheeling, turning at right angles and at right-about-face, not with the marvellous precision of dunlin, because their formation was looser, but in such a way as to leave no possible doubt, first, that there was no leadership, and secondly, that they communicated with one another at exactly the right moment and as one bird. Miss Pitt disowns telepathic or other method of suggestion on the ground that birds possess no organs "of which the functions are in doubt." But neither do we, and there is no call to descend to the vulgarities of occultism to assert that some human beings undoubtedly have telepathic powers. I think that birds do communicate in this way, because I can see no other explanation to account for certain actions of theirs. But as others may think me a bit wild to say so, Miss Pitt can pleasantly get her own back. H. J. M.

MISS DOROTHY MARGARET STUART, well known under the initials D. M. S. in *Punch*, has published her verses from that journal and others under the title of *Beasts Royal* (Clement Ingleby, 10s. 6d.). She has a happy knack of filling out the meagre outlines of historic personages and incidents with the fresh colour of imagination. Her "Beasts Royal" are the pets of kings, William of Normandy's falcon, King Louis' peacock and other favoured and forgotten animals. She throws a gallant stave to Thomas à Becket, finding a new vision of him in the inscription of a thirteenth century seal of London which commends the city to his care.

"Tom of London, be thou known  
Thus before the Judgment-throne,  
London's Thomas, Thomas merry  
Not pale Tom of Canterbury!  
Rather our tall citizen  
Loved by many better men,  
Than the prelate gaunt and grim  
Striding through the Cloister dim."

Miss Stuart has a penchant for the middle ages, for the bright colourful days when famous "Barts" was founded by "Beaucerles wild-witted fool" Rahere, the jester-courtier; when the leper's clapper sounded drearily in the windy dusk; when the Scots shouted and burned in Northumbrian valleys. Miss Stuart has an accomplished and disciplined talent.

#### BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Reference is made in this column to all books received and does not, of course, preclude the publication of a further notice in COUNTRY LIFE.)

MR. THOMAS HARDY'S play, *The Famous Tragedy of the Queen of Cornwall* (Macmillan, 6s.), reviewed at length in these pages, is by many counts the book of books among those of to-day. Mr. John Masefield, too, gives us a tragedy in verse, *A King's Daughter* (Heinemann, 6s.), of which Jezebel is the central figure, and *I was a Stranger* (Selwyn Blount, 3s. 6d.) is a beautiful little nativity play by V. D. Goodwin. We have also received *King Arthur*, a play in verse (Merritt and Hatcher, 3s. 6d.) by Mr. C. W. Berry, the profits from which are devoted to the little known benevolences of the Knights of the Round Table Club.

Collections of essays are here by Mr. Middleton Murry, *Pencilings* (Collins, 7s. 6d.); Mr. J. B. Priestley, *I for One* (Lane, 6s.); and by Mr. Ward Muir, *A Camera for Company* (Selwyn and Blount, 7s. 6d.). *Some New Letters of Edward Fitzgerald* (Williams and Norgate, 8s. 6d.), edited by Mr. F. R. Barton, and with a foreword by Lord Grey of Fallodon, is a volume of especial interest, as is *The Trefoil* (Murray, 12s.), Dr. A. C. Benson's intimate account of three periods in his father's career. The first volume of the expected *Tomb of Tut-ankh-Amen* (Cassell, 31s. 6d.), by Mr. Howard Carter and Mr. A. C. Mace, is now in our hands, and Vol. III of the late Sir Julian S. Corbett's great work, *The Official History of Naval Operations* (Longmans, 21s.). In *Nature and Men* (Chatto and Windus, 7s.), Mr. Arthur McDowall focuses attention upon that response to natural beauty of which everyone of us is conscious. Mrs. Jack London in *The New Hawaii* (Mills and Boon, 8s. 6d.), reprints for the first time three articles by her husband, and deals herself with life in that lovely island. Mr. Horace Bleackley's *Casanova in England* (Lane, 15s.), and *The Best of Carlyle* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), edited by Mr. T. O. Glencross, have also been received. Then there are Benedetto Croce's *Goethe* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) with an introduction by Mr. Douglas Ainslie; *From Luther to Steiner* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), by Ernst Boldt, translated and edited by Agnes Blake; and we have, in two volumes, *A History of French Literature* (Methuen, 10s. 6d. each vol.), by Kathleen T. Butler. Volume VII of *The Catalogue of Dutch Painters* (Macmillan, 31s. 6d.), by Hofstede de Groot appears and *Furniture Mouldings* (Benn, 25s.), a comprehensive study of its subject by E. J. Warne. *Days and Nights with Indian Big Game* (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.) is by Major-General A. E. Wardrop, and *Photographing Wild Life Across the World* (Arrowsmith, 25s.), by Mr. Cherry Kearton. *The Mediterranean Cruise* (Putman, 16s.) is a handbook, but a rather large one, for travellers, by Mr. Rolland Jenkins. *First Steps to Climbing*, by Mr. George D. Abraham, is published by Messrs. Mills and Boon at five shillings. *The Irish Free State* (Hutchinson, 3s. 6d.) is by Mr. Albert C. White. Mr. James Jupp, for thirty years doorkeeper at that theatre, has written *The Gaiety Stage Door* (Cape, 16s.), and from the pen of Bombardier Wells we have *Physical Energy* (Werner Laurie, 3s. 6d.).

Quite a pile of books appeal to the man with agricultural or countryside interests. *The Principles of Insect Control* (Longman Green, 20s.), by Mr. Robert A. Wardle and Mr. Philip Buckle; *Flowers: A Garden Note Book* (Maclehose, Jackson, 25s.), by Sir Herbert Maxwell; *Farm Soil and Its Improvement* (Benn, 7s. 6d.), by Sir John Russell; *The Age of the Horse* (Ballière Tindall and Cox, 5s.), by J. L. Frateur; *Agricultural Implements* (Benn, 2s. 6d.), by Mr. G. H. Purvis; and *Dairy Cattle* (Benn, 1s. 6d.), by Mr. James Mackintosh. Under the same heading come *The Mystery of the Hive* (Methuen, 7s. 6d.), translated from the French of Eugène Evrard by Mr. Bernard Miall, and *Mother Nature* (Harper Bros., 12s. 6d.), by Mr. William J. Long, a volume which may do much to shatter the vision of "Nature red in tooth and claw" which oppresses civilisation. *Lawns, Links and Sportsfields* (COUNTRY LIFE, 5s.) is a manual for everyone to whom turf is of all importance.

A new novel by Mr. Brand Whitlock, *J. Harden and Son* (Appleton, 7s. 6d.); *A Perfect Day* (Collins, 5s.), by Mr. Bohun Lynch; and *The Hat of Destiny* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a gay story by Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. Mr. Morley Roberts' *Followers of the Sea* (Nash and Grayson, 7s. 6d.); *Compromise* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Wilfranc Hubbard; *The Finger Post* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), by Mrs. Henry Dudeney; and *The Bubble Reputation* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), by Talbot Mundy and Bradley King, make up a good first draught of fiction. Then there are *Geoffrey Chastleton, Passenger* (Cape, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. Richard Blaker, and *The Singing Heart* (Philpot, 7s. 6d.), by Miss Kathleen M. Barrow, whose "Brushwood" I confess to having found a charming and memorable novel. The heroine of the present book tells her own story of a girl's efforts to make a place for herself in the world and the love she wins and gives by the way, and it will certainly add to its author's reputation. *Morry* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), is by Mr. Robert Elson; *The Moth Woman* (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.), by the veteran Mr. Fergus Hume; *Alien Souls* (Hutchinson 7s. 6d.), by Achmed Abdullah; *The Man Who Understood* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.), by "Rita"; *The Second Book of Martha* (Duckworth, 7s. 6d.), by the Hon. Mrs. Dowdall; *Smouldering Fire* (Heath Cranton, 7s. 6d.), by Gordon Franklin; *The Second Chance* (Lane, 7s. 6d.), by E. A. Wyke Smith; *Love and the Gypsy* (Nash and Grayson, 7s. 6d.), by Konrad Bercovici; *Yarns Without Yawns* (Heath Cranton, 6s.), by Major Harding Cox; and *The Peregrine's Saga* (Collins, 7s. 6d.), a book of animal stories by Mr. Henry Williamson. Then there is *College Days* (Lane, 5s.), poems, essays, sketches, what you will, from the versatile Mr. Stephen Leacock. Reprints include *Main Street* (Cape, 3s. 6d.), Mr. Sinclair Lewis's famous novel; *Miriam Rozel* (Collins, 2s. 6d.), by B. L. Farjeon; and two more volumes of the International Library, *Fortuné de Boisgobey* and *The Angel of the Chimes and The Decameron* (Stanley Paul, 2s. 6d. each). *Gramophone Nights* (Heinemann, 5s.), the united production of Mr. Compton Mackenzie and Mr. Archibald Marshall, contains thirty one programmes of gramophone music tenders much good advice, and should be regarded as a component part of every gramophone. *Heckey for Girls and Women* (Bell, 2s. 6d.) is by Miss K. E. Lidderdale; and *Little Things That Matter* (Architectural Press, 5s.), by Mr. Edwin Gunn. We have also received *Landscape and History* (Simpkin, Marshall, 14s.); *Concerning Money* (Jarrolds, 18s.); *Mah Jong and How to Play It* (Methuen, 3s. 6d.), by "Etienne," and *Mah Jong Do's and Don'ts* (Methuen, 2s.), by Miss Eileen Beck; *Auction Bridge Variations* (Nash and Grayson, 6s.), by A. E. Manning-Foster; Part 18 of *The Pageant of Nature* (Cassell, 1s. 3d.); *Becky's Magazine* for November (Vinton, 1s.); and *Winter's Pie* (Office, 1s. 6d.), which is highly recommended to all who like light but wholesome fare. S

# CORRESPONDENCE

## CHANGE OF RUTTING SEASON IN NEW ZEALAND DEER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I have never, in any sporting or scientific journal dealing with deer in New Zealand, seen any account of the date of the rather remarkable change in the time of the rutting season. This, in the case of red and fallow deer, is stated to take place in March and April, and from a recent article it would appear that even the recently introduced wapiti has already altered its habits to suit the seasons of the other hemisphere. It has always seemed to me very remarkable that so great a change should have taken place in comparatively few generations, as I should not imagine the winter climate of New Zealand to be sufficiently severe to kill calves and fawns born at the natural time. Foreign deer and antelopes, moreover, are by no means quick to adapt themselves to our seasons when imported into Great Britain, especially those which have a fixed time for giving birth to their young and do not breed at all times of the year like the Indian cheetah. —E. T.

## PIED WAGTAILS AND THEIR NESTS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—*A propos* to Mr. Scholey's interesting letter in your issue of November 3rd on "Cuckoos and Pied Wagtails," how long does it take a pair of pied wagtails to select their nesting site and build their nest complete? Doubtless there are numbers of nature lovers who could answer the latter part of this question, but comparatively few who are in a position to answer the whole of it. Sometimes luck or chance does for us what long and patient study may fail to do, and chance has put the answer to the complete question within my reach. My father-in-law, J. J. Armistead, when yachting among the numberless islands off the coast of Norway, visiting the lonely inhabitants, remained at anchor off one of these for exactly one week. During that time a pied wagtail came aboard, inspected the yacht and, finding one of the lockers in the cockpit slightly open, decided to use it for a nesting site in spite of the fact that four or five persons were living aboard. Inside the specified time a fairly neat and very compact nest was built with a 7in. base and a 3in. cup and a single egg laid! The nest, which lies before me, is composed of moss, grass roots, bents, pieces of string, rag, a tiny strip of linoleum, feathers and lined with hair. In fact it is a wonderful example of making the very best of the materials available, and the result is entirely satisfactory. Unfortunately, the yacht had to sail after the week and so the owners of the nest were left behind. Here, then, we have a complete answer to the question: in one week a pair of pied wagtails can select a nesting site, collect an astonishing assortment of suitable materials, weave and build the nest and deposit a single egg. —ERNEST A. LITTEN.

## IS IT THE GREY SQUIRREL?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can identify some curious little animals which are a source of annoyance to gardeners and others near Tring. The country people call them "chinchillas," and say they are a cross between a rat and a grey squirrel. The one I saw had been caught in a trap on a wall, was about 12ins. long, 6ins. of which was a bushy tail. The colour was a sort of mottled grey, and the head like that of a rat. They eat nuts, grapes and other garden produce. During the winter they have got into houses and, scrambling about under the roofs, disturbed the inhabitants, and have been found drowned in water tanks and lavatory basins. Some people think they have escaped from some collection or menagerie. —M. C. J.

[A hybrid between the rat and the grey squirrel is unlikely. The animals referred to are probably grey squirrels themselves. They are easily identified by the very beautiful tail with its silvery grey colouring.—Ed.]

## THE WILD BIRDS PROTECTION ACT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A brief reply to "P. R. M." if I may be allowed it. He quotes one text book as to mallard being ready to fly by August. Some are, of course. But about 70 per cent. of the mallard I have seen on the East Coast in August

are not. They are flappers and cannot escape the holiday sportsman for that very reason. "P. R. M." makes just my point about the ignorance of owners and occupiers upon the "economic status" of birds more neatly than I did. Your average owner sees a bird at his peas, corn or cherries. He shoots it, being utterly in the dark as to what the same bird eats during the other 364 days of the year. You must go by averages, by a relative profit or loss in deciding whether a particular species is or is not harmful to farming. Nor is it an argument that because the peoples of Denmark, Holland and Ireland are so blind to their own interests as to destroy the lapwing, we should imitate them in their folly. And lastly, it is surely a baseless complaint against the Bill that it imposes restrictions upon individual liberty. A man need hardly feel that his self-expression is thwarted because he is not allowed to kill a few (too few) species at all seasons and certain others at some seasons.—H. J. MASSINGHAM.

## THE CORNISH PASTY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I must congratulate you on the interesting "Sportsman's Cookery Book" articles by Major Hugh B. C. Pollard—excellent articles from the cooking point of view and most interesting reading. Your readers would be further in your debt if you would give them a first-rate recipe for the old Cornish pasty. These pasties used to be a wonderful treat to me in my young days. Whenever I go to Cornwall I try to get hold of a real Cornish pasty, but hotels have, unfortunately, taken to what they think is French cooking, and the famous pasties are now only found in pleasant village inns. For shooting parties or any sort of picnic you cannot beat them.—M. R.

[We have asked a Cornish friend who is famed for good cooking to send us her recipe for a Cornish pasty. Here it is:

### QUANTITIES FOR FOUR GOOD SIZE PASTIES.

1lb. flour, 3 oz. good beef suet, 3 oz. lard, 1 small teaspoonful of salt. Mix these lightly with a little cold water until the pastry is rather stiff. Turn it on to the dough board and knead it a little. Divide into four. Roll one out about 1in. thick. Put a tea-plate on it and cut to size of plate. Peel about eight potatoes for the four pasties. Cover one half of the pastry with thinly chipped potatoes. Add a little pepper and salt. Shred or mince about 12 oz. of beef for four pasties. Lay the meat on the top of the potatoes. Add a little pepper and salt. Add, if preferred, a little turnip, or onion. Then damp it around the edge with a little water, turn it over, bring the edges together and crimp it all around. It looks well brushed over the top with white of egg; this according to taste. Some pasties are made with lamb

and new turnips, others with parsley and thin slices of streaky pork, and when baked and opened a little cream is added. They take from thirty to forty-five minutes to bake, depending on the oven. Nurse says she adds, sometimes a little white stock, and that shredding the meat is better than mincing, because it preserves the juice of the meat better.—Ed.]

## MOTOR CARS IN ST. JAMES'S SQUARE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—"Lex" discussing the question of the parking of motor cars in St. James's Square, does not seem to understand why cars may only be left there for three hours. This is a very sensible police regulation, as cars are only supposed to be left while the owners do shopping, take a meal at the Royal Automobile Club or elsewhere, or pay a call, otherwise, if cars could be left all day, the Square, or any other parking place in London, would be used as a free garage by business men having shops and offices in the district. I have often seen the Square in question absolutely full of cars drawn up to the curb all round the Square, including the taxi cab rank containing taxis for hire. I consider that even three hours is too long a time to allow cars to remain, and keep other cars out; two hours is ample.—F. PENNINGTON.

[We should, perhaps, have emphasised our point, which was that the decision to enforce a limit to the time for which cars may be left parked was a new one on the part of the police and that some general warning ought to have been given before action was taken. Possibly our note did not make it sufficiently clear that we are as decidedly opposed as anyone to the private abuse of that which is provided for the public convenience.—Ed.]

## A BRACKEN HARVEST IN THE LAKES.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Bracken is used throughout the mountain country of North-west England for bedding horses and stock on the fell dale farms. The bracken is cut with scythes, gathered (after drying) into great heaps, which are rolled down to the carts which convey it to the farms. A willing and most intelligent donkey (originally an inhabitant of Palestine) is here portrayed carting home his winter bed. Ibraim is a well known local character in the valley where he lives; he is of ripe age, and most friendly, accepting offerings of sugar, carrots, etc., with great affability. His paddock is within earshot of the church and certain hymns and chants so appeal to Ibraim that he joins lustily, if not altogether melodiously, in the singing.—MARY C. FAIR.



THE HARVEST OF THE FFLLS.

**"GREAT AMONG GEESE."**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The summer's thrill at Niagara Falls was provided by these three Australian geese, which have the distinction of being the only living things, with the exception of the famous Bobby Leach, ever known to "shoot the Falls" without loss of life. The extraordinary feat had no eye-witness, but as the geese were rescued a little below the "Horseshoe" and were soon identified as the property of a farmer living about two miles up the Niagara river (which may be seen in the background), it is assumed that they were caught in the current and drifted through the rapids and over the falls. The net damage only amounted to one slightly fractured leg. The birds are now confined to their run, where, it would appear, they have learnt how to receive photographers' visits!—M. G.

**QUEER COMPANY.**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was recently visiting one of the oldest and most famous of the churches at York, Holy Trinity, Goodramgate. In a corner of the



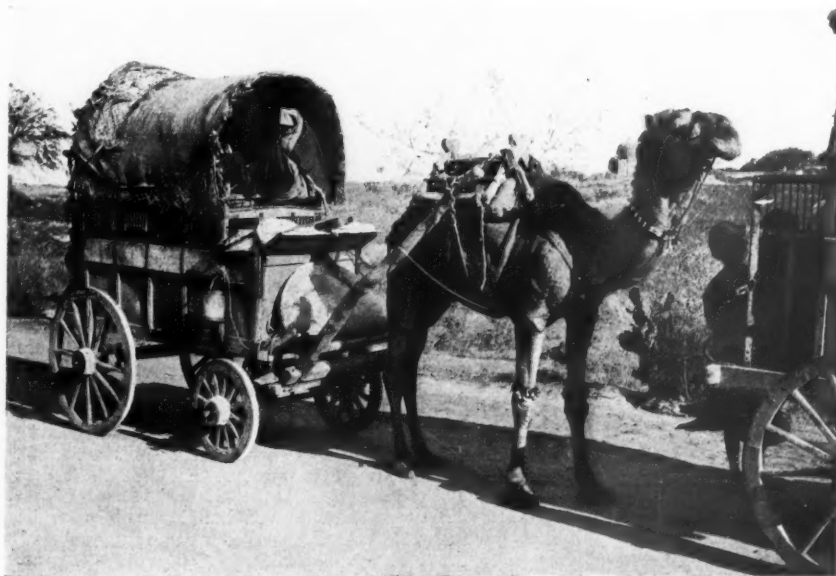
PLAYMATES IN A YORK CHURCHYARD.

churchyard a kitten and monkey played together. The photograph shows a saucer of milk being placed for the kitten.—HAROLD G. GRAINGER.

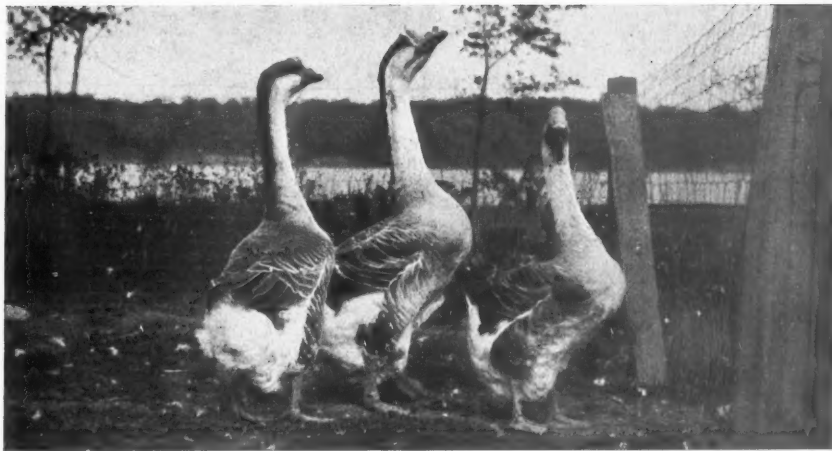
**A SNAPSHOT FROM DELHI.**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I am sending this snapshot in the hope that it may prove to be of some interest to your readers. I took it a short time ago at



A DELHI CAMEL CART.



THE GEESE THAT SHOT NIAGARA FALLS.

Delhi, on the occasion of a conference of the Rajahs and Maharajahs being called by the Viceroy. The photograph depicts one of a train of camel carts returning from Delhi to the country. As far as I know, these camel carts are used only in and around Delhi. In one of them I counted thirty-two people.—P. C. DARTON.

**ST. MARTIN'S DAY.**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—

"It is the day of Martilmasse,  
Cuppes of ale should freele passe;  
What though wynter has begunne  
To push downe the summer sunne,  
To our fire we can betake,  
And enjoy the crackly brake,  
Never heeding wynter's face  
On the day of Martilmasse."

So ran an old rhyme, which preserves for us the associations of November 11th, St. Martin's Day. It is curious how the soldier-saint, known also as the Apostle of Gaul, grew to be associated with such revelling. The explanation lies in the transference of a heathen feast day to a Christian saint, a common enough occurrence. The Romans kept the Vinalia about this season of the year, when the new wine was drawn off the lees and tasted, and fat geese were in perfection. To mediaeval minds Martin the Bishop, builder of churches and vital force throughout Gaul, became blended with Bacchus, patron of the old-time Vinalia. Comical indeed are the legends which try to connect St. Martin with the popular goose. One of them declares that he hid himself when he was elected Bishop of Tours, and it was a goose which found him! In the North of England and Scotland, Martilmass beef seems to have been as famous as the goose of French festivities.

"Martilmass beef doth bear good tack  
When country folk do dainties lack."

This beef was sometimes dried in the chimney, in much the same way as bacon cured in primitive fashion. Brand tells us how several rustic families would club together to buy a cow or some other animal for the time of feasting. This association was called a "mart," and so arose the word still heard occasionally in the north—"mart," for a fat ox.—FEDDEN TINDALL.

**CLAY COWS.**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I hope, perhaps, that this photograph may interest you. It shows two model cows



COWS SEVEN INCHES LONG.

and a calf, which have come from Australia and are believed to be almost unique. There is only one family making these models now, and only occasionally at that; it took two years hunting about to secure these. They are made of clay, and the hair is blown on while the clay is plastic, all the work is done in a cottage. The models are quite perfect in every detail; the cows are about 7 ins. long and 4½ ins. high and the calf 3 ins. long and 2½ ins. high.—EDWARD E. ROPER.

**THE AGE OF A MARKED BIRD.**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The marking of birds with rings not only shows the migration, but also the age of such birds. On June 13th, 1910, I marked with ring No. 30672 a young black-headed gull (*Larus ridibundus*) in a large colony at Ravenglass, Cumberland. On April 14th, 1923, this bird was found dead in the same gullery, where it had probably returned to nest, within two months of its thirteenth year. It was probably going to nest for the twelfth time, and even for the thirteenth, for there is little doubt but that a few do breed in their first year while still in immature plumage, judging by such being seen in the breeding colonies and carrying food.—H. W. ROBINSON.

**BIRDS AND GREEN PEAS.**

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—"E. A. R." in a letter in COUNTRY LIFE of October 13th, asked if the peas mentioned in my previous letter were marrowfat. The peas attacked by the birds and rats were marrowfats. In a child's garden the peas, not marrowfats, were not touched by either birds or rats. This little garden was only a few yards away from the raided rows of peas, but until "E. A. R." called attention to this I had not noticed the difference in the kind of peas. On questioning a cottage gardener he confirmed this opinion. His peas were "mongrel ones," the seed saved by himself, and the great tits and other birds never attacked them.—H. T. C.

## THE LIVERPOOL AUTUMN CUP WINNER

A NATIONAL STUD SUCCESS.

ONLY one more week of flat racing and then no more until towards the end of March next year. On the Monday after the Manchester Meeting, which ends next Saturday, National Hunt racing definitely takes the stage again. So the merry round proceeds, and while some contrive merely to transfer their loyalty from one to another, others there be who are content to drop out and wait for spring days and flat racing in the coming year.

One of these late autumn handicaps is the Liverpool Cup, which was decided a week ago in heavy rain and on a course decidedly water-logged. The jockeys came back coated with mud as they may never have done on any previous occasion this year. Frank Bullock, who won on Major Cayzer's Poisoned Arrow, would not have known himself could he have had a view of his mud-screened face. Second to Poisoned Arrow, but a very moderate second, for the winner won so very easily under top weight of 9st., was Mr. Sol Joel's Evander, while third was the short-priced favourite, Lord Derby's Pharos. The last named beat Twelve Pointer a short head for third place. The second favourite, Milton, started at 8 to 1 and had every chance, but just when he looked like confirming the idea that he had really been born again (as his Newmarket form suggested) he faded away, to be quite readily accounted for by others I have named.

Pharos, of course, owed his favouritism to the prominent show he made in the race for the Cambridgeshire and the feeling that he might be rather fitter if anything. The nature of the course, too, was thought to be in his favour, but still 2 to 1 was surely rather under the odds, especially with the going and the weather as vile as they were. It was strange, therefore, to see people, who would not like to be considered guilty of folly on a race-course as a rule, accepting what the bookmakers chose to offer in this respect. Poisoned Arrow, as the very easy winner of the Duke of York Stakes, would certainly have started at less than 10 to 1 but for his failure for the Champion Stakes at Newmarket immediately after his win of the handicap referred to. In a field of four he had finished last, behind Ellangowan, Legality and Twelve Pointer. The handicapper had not accepted that as quite his true form and, indeed, he asked him to give another pound to Twelve Pointer, even although that three year old had finished in front of him. Of course, it was unfortunate and, indeed, rather comical that Poisoned Arrow's trainer should have complained to the Stewards of the handicapping of the horse for the Liverpool Cup. He was answered by the horse himself winning the race in a canter. It was also rubbed in when the trainer was fined £50 for having lodged a frivolous complaint. This must be the heaviest fine on record for a complaint of the kind, and it could scarcely have been more if the handicapper himself had imposed it!

I do not suppose any horse really likes such conditions as prevailed last week for the race, only some horses battle against them better than others. This must be the case with Poisoned Arrow. It was very heavy when he won the Duke of York Stakes the day after Mumtaz Mahal had wallowed and tarried too long in the quagmire there. And it was certainly heavy, also at Liverpool, a year ago when the horse was second to the great little Selene for the Cup. He has much power because he is quite a big horse, and though by Spearmint, he is not pronouncedly of what is well known as the Spearmint type. He cost a lot of money as a yearling, and was always promising. Captain Gooch, indeed, has trained him particularly well, for he gave him every chance as a backward two year old and at all times resisted the temptation to hurry him. He was certainly not at his best as a three year old and, indeed, was never better than in the autumn as a four year old. I am not sure that he will stay a Cup course, but it is to be hoped his owner will keep him in training next year and show us what he can do when the supreme tests come along in the form of the big Cup races, especially, of course, that biggest of all at Gatwick.

He was bred at the National Stud and is an immediate descendant of the line of blood created there and fostered by Lord Wavertree, who, I know, was a much interested spectator of the horse's win last Friday. The horse's dam, White Lie was foaled in 1911, and was by White Eagle from Jean's Folly. Now, Jean's Folly was the one that has made such history at the famous stud. She was a great filly on the race-course in Ireland, but on being brought to England appeared to go all to pieces. She was a most highly strung individual, and Lord Wavertree was reminding me how, in consequence of the serious way in which she fretted when away from home, she was always, with one exception, mated with the National Stud sires. The one exception was when she was walked across The Curragh to be mated with Spearmint. She is, of course, an old mare now, for she was foaled in 1901, being by Ayrshire from Black Cherry, the mare that produced Black Arrow for Lord Wavertree, then, of course, known as Colonel Hall Walker. I have said that she was a notable winner-getter in her time. She claims the St. Leger winner Night Hawk, even though no one agrees that

he was a worthy winner of the classic race. Yet he won and apparently in no fluky fashion.

Lots of winners did the mare get, but the value of the blood is coming out in the second generation through White Lie, which, as I have said, was mated with Spearmint to produce Poisoned Arrow. White Lie is also the dam of False Alarm, winner of the Derby Cup a year ago, and must be regarded as quite one of the most valuable mares at the National Stud to-day. Black Cherry was a mare that, naturally, interested her one-time owner quite a lot. She was by Bendigo, and he was a notable racehorse but a failure as a sire. Still, he got Black Cherry, which was foaled in 1892 and destroyed because of her old age in 1917, after doing much to lay the foundations of the National Stud. It is interesting, because of the eminence Poisoned Arrow has gained of late, to recall these things.

Lord Derby has had, possibly, worse Autumn Meetings at Liverpool, but he has also enjoyed some very much better. For last week he only won two races. Yet it would afford him much satisfaction that one of the two was Tranquil, for she has every claim to be regarded as not only the best of her sex but the best of her age in 1923. Her latest achievement was to win the Liverpool St. Leger by a head from the colt Twelve Pointer. The latter was receiving 2lb., and if we reckon the sex allowance of 3lb., which he should concede, then Tranquil was really at a 5lb. disadvantage with him compared with the weights at which they met in the St. Leger. In the circumstances it is quite certain that those intimately associated with Twelve Pointer believed they had a great chance of beating the crack filly. They showed their thoughts plainly enough by the way they betted. Nevertheless, Tranquil won an absolutely fair race; indeed, I do not think she was well ridden, otherwise she would probably have been an easier winner.

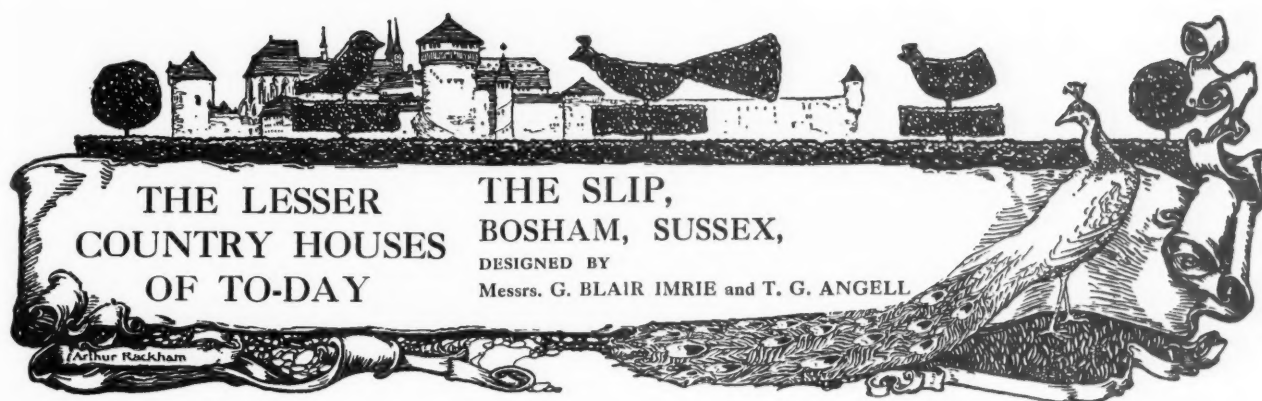
Lord Derby has had wonderful luck from the brood mare Serenissima, and yet I believe he was once very near to parting with her in the belief that she was of little or no account. How little the wisest may know of these things is continually being demonstrated. Serenissima was retained for this now most important of private studs, and one year we have her producing the rare and gallant little filly Selene to Chaucer and the next Tranquil to Swynford. In both cases, oddly enough, the mare has allowed the sires to stamp their stock. Selene is a Chaucer, while Tranquil, which would smother her for size, is essentially Swynford in character. Swynford is of the massive type of sire and, of course, he has been a splendid stud success to crown a distinguished racing career. Chaucer may be under-sized, but he has been a rare treasure at the stud, and there never was a horse with such exquisite St. Simon character. I have ever regarded him as a beautiful horse, and while he got a good small one in Selene he produced a good big one in Stedfast, showing that he could be quite impartial in the gifts he bestowed.

These thoughts are suggested by two of the races we saw at Liverpool last week. There were many others that had rather more than passing interest. I was sorry to see Mrs. Bancroft's grey colt Purple Shade by Royal Canopy beaten for the first time when he essayed to win the Knowsley Nursery, but the race itself showed us that he had gone off. Yet his people could not have realised it, judging by their betting. He was third behind Mr. A. R. Cox's Caravel, a neat and sprightly bay colt by Cicero from My Dear, the mare that won the Liverpool Autumn Cup for Mr. Cox's late brother. Caravel ran in blinkers, which one does not like to see in a two year old, but probably it was done as a device to keep him straight. He had deviated from the straight path at Newmarket.

Then in the winner of the Grand Sefton Steeplechase we saw quite one of the best chasers in the country in Silvio. He carried a fair weight and, with Escott in the saddle, won easily from another good horse in Mr. Banker's Superman. The latter did not improve his chances by jumping every time to the right. As Aintree is a left-hand course, it will be understood that he lost a lot of ground over the three miles. He made rather a bad mistake at the second fence from home, but on the whole it was a creditable performance, for he beat all but the winner. Silvio is probably an exceptional horse, and he finished so strongly as to suggest that a Grand National may not be outside the possibilities for him. So, too, with Superman. He has never been the horse, physically, that he is to-day, and it would be a most popular thing were his owner, who spent many years of his business life in Calcutta, to win a Grand National with either this one or Forewarned. I noticed a very promising young hurdler win during the meeting. This was First Magic, owned in partnership by Mrs. Hugh Peel and Mr. E. H. Tattersall. His success was assured if only for the reason that the others were poor jumpers by comparison.

Pombal is an extraordinarily well handicapped horse for the Derby Cup this week-end. He won four races in the spring, and yet has been left in this race with 6st. Certainly he could not have less, and if a boy can ride him he will win. The race for the Manchester November Handicap can be dealt with a week hence.

PHILIPPOS.



**M**OST sites on which modern houses are built have no history: they are just plots.

But now and again comes an exception—in the present case notably so, for Bosham takes us back to the beginnings of English history, and the site on which this house was erected (for Mr. H. F. Prevost Battersby, from designs by Messrs. Imrie and Angell) is associated with the old days when Saxon ships were built here, and with those later days when Bosham was full of bustle, as being the port of Chichester. The old church is but a stone's throw from this new house. It is not the actual fabric portrayed on the Bayeux tapestry, but it occupies the site of the original, and retains both Saxon and Early English features. It is a picturesque old building, well known to artists especially, whose easels are ever to be seen in its churchyard. It would be of interest to digress and to say something of the church, the very building in which King Harold went to pray before he started on his fateful voyage to Normandy, but space forbids, and we must confine ourselves to the modern house. Its name, "The Slip," is apt and appropriate, for the slipway is next to its garden wall on one side.

The site forms a miniature peninsular jutting out into the shallow reach which forms one of the many arms that lead



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FROM THE SLIPWAY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

inland from Chichester Harbour. Obviously, in working out the plan the aim was to secure outlooks across the water from the principal rooms of the house. This was a determining requirement. Another controlling influence was the approach to the house. No roadway leads directly up to it, for the village street finishes abruptly at the church, and the way beyond is over a piece of grassland, with a side path next the old smithy. Also, it was necessary to take into account the prevailing wind,

which blows from the south-west—often at gale strength across the low-lying land to westward.

With these conditions it was found most convenient to arrange the house with its one large living-room having prospects to the west and the south; to tuck the entrance porch into a corner on the north side, where it is well sheltered; and at the eastern end (which is the approach end) to provide a garage, which garage has a door on its inner wall, leading through into the hall. It will thus be seen that the plan is quite different from the ordinary "dining-room and drawing-room" sort.

The living-room is the chief feature on the ground floor, and in association with it is a loggia that forms a very pleasant sitting-out place.

The house walling is of flint and brick, with the first floor tile-hung, and the plain sweep of roof covered with



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FROM THE FORESHORE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

FROM THE WATER.

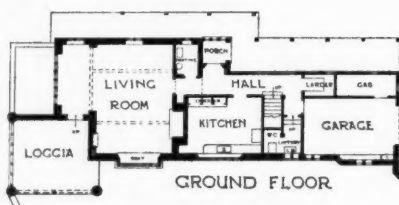


ENTRANCE SIDE.

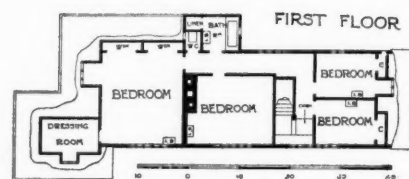
"C.L."

old tiles. On the entrance side a certain amount of half-timber is introduced, and, like the rest, is carried out in a sound and direct manner, with the oak-work used constructionally.

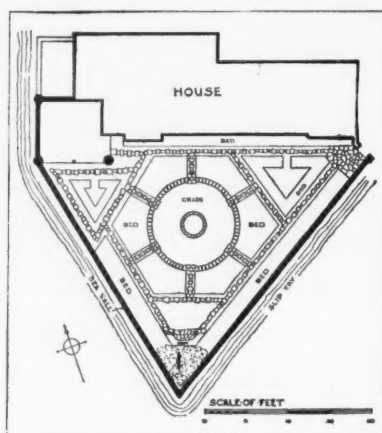
Within, the finish of the rooms is simple—just plain plaster, with its top coat finished with a wood float, and left uncoloured. This makes a pleasant background, especially in the living-room, where the furniture is in keeping. It is an informal room, with a "lived-in" look about it. Its fire-place, of the old sort burning wood, is set in a recess on the inner wall, and close by is a seated window facing south; but the main view is to the west, and to gain the full charm of this view a large latticed window has been provided, its sill being kept low so that one can see across the water



GROUND FLOOR.



FIRST FLOOR.



PLAN OF HOUSE AND GARDEN.



Copyright

SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

when sitting at table or elsewhere in the room.

The kitchen adjoins, and is an admirable example of workaday efficiency, its equipment being on up-to-date lines, as befits a room which is essentially a domestic workshop.

The staircase is not made a feature. It is no more than an unobtrusive means of access to the upper floor, where four bedrooms and a dressing-room are provided, with the usual addenda. The bedrooms have good cupboard space, and in each is a lavatory basin fitted with hot and cold water.

The nature of the site and its strictly confined limits precluded the making of a garden of the usual kind, but the triangular area on the south side has been paved and planted as shown, and in it are flowers in profusion all the year round.

R. R. P.



Copyright.

LIVING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

## SHOOTING NOTES

By MAX BAKER.

## SUCCESS AT HIGH BIRDS.

A FORMER intimate told me at some field trials that he recently brought off one of those wonderful shots at a high bird which had been saluted with the familiar pop-pops as it passed parallel with the line; the feat being considered so noteworthy that a bottle of champagne was later opened in celebration. His explanation was that at the moment of pulling the trigger he recalled a passage in one of these notes where I said that high or otherwise distant birds need an allowance in sky space which the senses almost refuse to sanction. This made him double the contemplated forward lead, and hey presto! he wiped everybody's eye. All the experience I gain from day to day points the same moral. Looking down the line—as I have done many times lately—I see the moderate height birds coming down with a suddenness of collapse which proves how close the range really is, while those some half as far again continually pass on unscathed. The missing is even more pronounced when the birds traverse a wide, open space before reaching the line, for this tempts the guns to get on to their mark some time before they have any intention of shooting, there being no more certain recipe for missing behind. Lately, when engaged on the dry-as-dust routine of cartridge testing, an S.O.S. message was delivered imploring me to take charge of two friends who were undergoing a course of lessons, the ordinary staff being occupied in dealing with an unexpected rush of custom. My "men," as usual, suffered from the tendency to distrust their first aim, and so delay firing till the swing had become cramped and ineffective. When this inability had been ameliorated I signalled for a proportion of the birds to be thrown at a wider angle, and each time such a mark was presented squealed into the man's ear

run of work many a dog, having conscientious objections to the fluid when administered externally, might earn golden opinions on dry land without ever disclosing the hidden infirmity.

Perhaps, a little story which a lady told me on the occasion may emphasise the importance of good water work by dogs. The scene is laid on the side of a Highland loch where the only son and heir, aged about four years, had scrambled into a boat which immediately got adrift. The terror of the mother may be imagined when she realised that a strong tide was bearing the craft away, with no means of rescue available. A happy thought struck her: she told the infant to throw overboard his cap, and this the retriever, which happily was with them, promptly fetched. Next the child was told to throw the painter over the side, the dog being again sent out to retrieve. He experienced unexpected resistance, but under encouragement persevered with his task and at the end of a long struggle towed the vessel safely into harbour. Curtain.

## PLACING THE LINE AT THE BEST DISTANCE.

I have been amazed lately to see how many first-rate partridge drives are spoilt by the line of guns standing inconveniently near the fence, and this in places where the hide offered ample scope for moving back an additional 20yds. The consequence is that the coveys come upon them unawares, hence what shooting is done is at the wrong angle and badly timed so far as personal action is concerned. Two shots behind against one in front is too frequent a proportion in latter-day shooting. Another criticism I would like to deliver concerns the restlessness of the average shooter. He is motionless enough when somnolently resting in his seat; but, when birds begin to arrive and he stands up, the barrels are constantly twittering their flashes of lightning in all directions—that of the squatted coveys no doubt included. Then, as regards the position of the gun, its barrels are either drooping in a nonchalant attitude of boredom or are actually poised on the shoulder, the correct ready position, with an upward and forward lean, the muzzles just below the line of view, being apparently restricted to the rare occasions when photography is afoot. The power of rigid statuesque pose is seemingly disappearing in these days of restless movement, but it ought to be cultivated for use during the period when birds are on the move. A friend who, greatly to his advantage, studies these minutiae told me that, when lately planted on some very greasy ground of a kind to hamper his natural foot-play, he sent his loader to gather dead leaves from the ditch, there-with laying a carpet which materially assisted him in bringing off six out of the seven chances at pheasants which the culmination of the drive presented.

## EYESIGHT IN SHOOTING.

To-day I have just read in a daily paper some hints on how to acquire the art of shooting, and among the natural qualities listed as necessary is good eyesight. Now, this hardly ever strikes me as necessary, bearing in mind that most game birds show clearly against the sky and make too rapid a passage for the difference between good and bad eyesight to come into play. And here I exclude entirely from the category of bad eyesight those *anno domini* changes which necessitate reading glasses, while leaving the focussing power intact beyond arm's length or some further distance. Very important indeed is the gift of estimating distance, but this I do not regard as a matter of eyesight so much as the fruit of observation and casual tests. If, for instance, one's stand is 20yds. clear of the covert side and the trees are 40ft. high, a bird breaking back over the near tree tops must be within range. With the beaters plumb below, gathering is certain; yet, how many hundreds of these perfect chances does one see allowed to go by in the course of a season? In the open, shots hopelessly out of range are frequently attempted, especially after a hasty turn round. The qualities most in demand are instant perception, decision and, when necessary, action. The man who catches a suddenly falling object, or, if beyond reach, shoots out the foot to cushion its impact with hard ground, possesses the fundamental quality; but it has no recognised name. The combined qualities are known as "hand and eye."

## THE VICKERS GUN.

In reference to last week's note *re* the above, the firm writes to say that these guns can be supplied with 28in. barrels of a sufficiently finer substance to bring the total weight down to 6½lb., this being the accepted limit for the handiest of game guns. The intimation, unfortunately, arrived too late to be incorporated in the original notice.



CORBIE BRINGS A PIGEON.

to increase his lead. When successes were achieved I told them to remember for evermore how much lead that particular range of shot required.

## RETRIEVING FROM OR OVER WATER.

I present herewith rather a pleasing snap of Mrs. Quintin Dick's Banchory Corbie, which won at the St. Neots retriever trials on the 31st ult. The item was the water test, when a moat-like piece of stagnant fluid, partly surrounding a farmyard, formed a barrier between the dogs and the quarry that had to be gathered. Corbie took the water like an otter, swam quickly across, climbed the opposite bank and went an arrow course into the field beyond. There, happening to come across a wood-pigeon, he returned with equal celerity. Water tests do not always pass so happily as this, largely, no doubt, owing to the difficulty of securing realistic conditions. For instance, at Petworth a week later, the birds from a previous drive fell on a field the same side of the river Rother as the large party of officials, handlers and spectators. The animals to be tested were accordingly taken across in a boat and then ordered back for the retrieve. Possibly they detected the foolery in the proceeding, anyhow were difficult to get across and perversely stupid in the matter of return, the impassioned pleading of the handlers reminding one of the passage: "'Come back, come back,' he cried in vain across the stormy water," the dog meanwhile hunting the bank to find a bridge and, no doubt, wondering why the ferry had stopped working. These water tests are, rightly enough, held to be essential in all trials, though many a competitor comes to grief which might willingly perform the same duty when more naturally presented. However, we must accept the necessity of good watering qualities, although in the general

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# SALE OF THE LATHOM ESTATES

**L**ORD LATHOM'S sales, in the last two or three years, of roundly 4,000 acres of his Lathom House estate have been followed during the last few days by negotiations that bring a further 6,000 acres of the estate into the market. During the war Lathom Park was a great remount depot, possibly the largest of its kind in the world. It is not long since Lathom House was partially dismantled, and much of the material was used to reconstruct Blythe Hall as the owner's seat. We are now informed that the Lathom House and Blythe Hall and 4,000 acres, yielding, exclusive of the portions in hand, about £10,000 a year, are to come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Ormskirk next month. The estate passed through stirring times in the Civil War, when it was valiantly defended by Charlotte de la Tremouille, Countess of Derby. Her lord banished to the Isle of Man, this lady for three months bade defiance to Sir Thomas Fairfax and Cromwell's men. The besiegers lay chiefly in a depression still known as "Cromwell's Trench," on the east of the park. They battered the walls with their culverin and mortars, once breaking the big gates and twice penetrating the countess' rooms. Night sallies by the besieged, however, sorely tried their nerve, and on the rumoured approach of Prince Rupert they withdrew to Bolton. The countess then joined her husband. The second siege was undertaken by General Egerton with 4,000 Roundheads. At the end of five months the garrison was forced to surrender. Lathom was then levelled and its fall celebrated by a public thanksgiving at Westminster. The mansion thus destroyed had been erected on an ancient site by the De Lathoms, descendants of the famous landowner, Orm, the Danish founder of Ormskirk. In 1496 it was enlarged and beautified for the reception of Henry VII, the owner's father-in-law, and for magnificence and hospitality became the "pride and glory of Lancashire." It was encompassed by a wall 2yds. thick and defended by nine towers. The present house was begun on the site of the older mansion by the ninth Earl of Derby, shortly before his death. It passed through several hands before its completion in 1734 by Sir Thomas Bootle, to the design of Leoni.

West Dean Park, the Sussex seat often visited by King Edward, is to be let furnished, with shooting over 7,000 acres, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley.

Sir Eric Geddes is disposing of his Manchester Square residence, No. 12A, next month, a house having very fine Adam ceilings.

The late Mr. Ernest W. Robinson expended very large sums on Liscombe Park, an estate of approximately one square mile, which will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley at Hanover Square at the end of this month. In the year 1304 certain "lands, messuages, meadows and rents" in Liscombe and adjoining Buckinghamshire parishes, came into the possession of the Lovett family, whose founder was Master of the wolf hounds to William the Conqueror, and these lands remained in the family's possession for over 500 years. About 1350 Robert Lovett founded a chantry near his dwelling and built a chapel, which, in the days of romance, runaway couples and slack marriage laws, was in favour as a resort of eloping lovers. For many years it retained its popularity, but fell into disuse as a chapel, and endured a period of rough usage as a store. Later it was restored to beauty, formally secularised, and now is used as the ball room at Liscombe Park.

Some £60,000 worth of property has changed hands in the last few days through Messrs. Dibblin and Smith in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who have sold that fine old sixteenth century house known as Ote Hall, Wivelsfield. The same firms are acting in conjunction in regard to freehold premises at No. 7, Mandeville Place, Oxford Street, which they are jointly to submit to auction on December 13th.

### SHERMANBURY AND BLACK CHARLES.

**SHERMANBURY PLACE.** 122 acres, two miles from Henfield, in the country hunted by the Crawley and Horsham Foxhounds, seven miles from Steyning, has been sold by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. King and Chasmore. It was offered by auction in July, by order of Mr. H. Warren Coleman. The park is bounded on the south

by the River Adur, and the grounds are noted for their old balustraded terrace and avenue, as well as the extensive views across the South Downs. The house, in the Georgian style, stands high, and is prominent by reason of the adjoining clock tower.

Black Charles, an exceptionally imposing and beautiful house at Underriver, near Sevenoaks, which has been illustrated and described in these columns, has just been sold by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, whose sales this week include also Oaklands, Braintree, and, in conjunction with Messrs. C. Bridger and Sons, the Hindhead property known as Hatch Hill House, standing in a delightful spot practically on the golf course. Black Charles was shown in the Supplement to COUNTRY LIFE on September 1st (page xxix). It dates from the early part of the sixteenth century, and has a wealth of beams, linen-fold panelling, open fireplaces and other old features, including a wonderful staircase. The whole has, superadded, all modern comforts and conveniences. The house is 350ft. above sea level, in 21 acres, and the gardens are of great beauty.

Croft Castle has been repurchased by the Croft family, after a lapse of two hundred years.

### FROM CROWN TO COLLEGE.

**OXFORD** and Cambridge colleges have almost invariably been vendors of real estate rather than purchasers in recent years, but Brasenose College has just joined the company of buyers, having acquired from the Crown the Stowood estate of 600 acres, a few miles from Oxford. Stowood was originally part of one of the Royal forests. The agents for the Crown were Messrs. Carter Jonas and Sons, and those for the College, Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks. It is not long since we quoted the observations of the experts who advised as to the real estate of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to the effect that it was regrettable that more of the land of the Universities was not sold during the period of activity immediately subsequent to the war. Probably, of course, there is some special reason for the particular purchase, which has not, for the moment, been disclosed.

Golf at Hankley Common is one of the attractions of Spreckley Hollow, now for sale by Messrs. Harrods. It is at Frensham, near Farnham, and the house, full of old oak, has recently been the object of a large expenditure and is now in perfect order throughout. The gardens are a feature of the property and were the subject of a picture by the well known artist, Mr. Robert Morley, exhibited in the Royal Academy. Messrs. Harrods have instructions to find a purchaser for an old-fashioned house and nearly 3 acres, known as Charlwood House. Charlwood, situate on the Surrey and Sussex borders, is within easy reach of Reigate and Redhill. The house has been modernised and is in good order with central heating and electric light. There are three bathrooms and a feature of the property is the fine billiard-room.

### A LINK WITH CHARLES LAMB.

**I**N "hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire," as Charles Lamb called it, is Mackery End, according to the "Essays of Elia," "Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some of the old maps of Hertfordshire; a farmhouse delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead." The amiable author of the Essays used to stay there with his relations, the Gladman family. Since that time the house has been much altered and, according to modern ideas, improved, but it remains in essentials a house of sufficient note structurally to merit quite a long reference in the official inventory of the monuments of Hertfordshire. Messrs. Osborn and Mercer are entrusted with the sale of the house, which is of the latter part of the sixteenth century, and of red brick with a couple of storeys and attics, and a tiled roof. The main block runs nearly north and south, with a wing at each end projecting eastwards. The south wing once stretched out westwards as well. The wings of the east front are finished with curvilinear pedimented gables, and there is the date 1665 on the north gable, but that is not the date when the house was built, but probably when the gables were altered. The chief windows have a slightly projecting margin of brickwork. Octagonal chimney shafts, with moulded bases and capitals, lend proportion to the wings on the east front. The interior, as

described in the official inventory, appears to have been enriched with a great quantity of oak panelling and overmantels of an elaborate type. The house has been thoroughly modernised.

### BUILDING LAND.

**A**N improving demand for building land, in both large areas and sites for single houses, with, of course, plenty of garden space, is reported by nearly all the agents who have anything on their books at a reasonable price. Buyers are cautious in this regard, and there is no disposition to tumble over one another and snap land at any price. Guildford, Bookham, Leatherhead and Ashted are some of the districts where Messrs. Chas. Osenton and Co. have done business in the last few days in building land, and their sales of houses include Thistledown and others at Wanborough.

Messrs. Fox and Sons announce sales amounting to £102,160 during the last few weeks, including forty-eight houses of varying sizes in and around Bournemouth, in addition to a large number of building plots in that district. The total includes "Greystones," Highcliffe, with 9 acres and the whole of the furniture; Beaford Mill, North Devon, with 57 acres; and water rights of £80 per annum on the Clowance estate, Cornwall.

The late Sir Augustus Webster's Bexhill portion of the Battle Abbey estate, being about 835 acres of land, having a great and immediate value for building development, will be submitted at St. James's Square on Wednesday, December 5th, by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in nineteen or twenty lots, which are of importance, not merely to anyone wishing for a seaside site or a residential farm practically on Cooden Beach golf links, but to those who want an investment where no very large sum need be locked up, and where there is certainty of a tenfold increment within a few years.

Messrs. Hampton and Sons had a large attendance at their auction of the contents of the late Lieutenant-Colonel R. Anson-Cartwright's house, Parkbury, St. Albans, when the prices realised included an eighteenth century dower chest, 30 guineas; a Jacobean oak credence, 50 guineas; an old English bracket clock, 20 guineas; an old mahogany writing table, 21 guineas; a Queen Anne bureau, 23 guineas; a pair of rosewood Chippendale chairs, 32 guineas; and an old oak gate-leg table, 21 guineas. There was competition for silver, old Sheffield plate and porcelain. Among the pictures was a painting, entitled "Going to Mass," by Pieter de Bloot, which realised 74 guineas, and a triptych was sold for 40 guineas.

### BAILRIGG BOUGHT BY MR. CLEGG.

**ALDERMAN J. T. TRAVIS CLEGG**, of Whalley Abbey, has just bought the Bailrigg estate, near Lancaster, belonging to Mr. H. L. Storey, who now resides at the Manor House, Malmesbury. The purchase covers the mansion and a portion of the estate. Bailrigg extends in all to 784 acres. Messrs. Proctor and Birkbeck (formerly Lawson and Roper, established over half a century in Lancaster), offered Bailrigg through the columns of COUNTRY LIFE some months ago, and they have now effected the sale in question.

No. 15, Kensington Palace Gardens, mentioned in these columns last week, has been sold by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, in conjunction with Messrs. Chesterton and Sons, and the firms have also jointly disposed of a house in Porchester Terrace. The market for houses in Kensington is very active, and Messrs. Chesterton and Sons have found buyers for houses in Phillimore Gardens, Philbeach Gardens, Argyll Road, Campden Hill, Earl's Court and Holland Park Road. Clarence House, Regent's Park, and Barra Hall, Hayes, are included in the firm's current list.

One of the red brick houses recently erected close to Park Lane, No. 48, Mount Street, has been sold by Messrs. Trollope since the auction; and No. 1, Graham Street, Eaton Square (a smaller house of considerable character), which was included in their auction at the Mart, was sold under the hammer after keen competition.

Two Kentish freeholds of an interesting type, just sold by Messrs. Squire, Herbert and Co., are Wilmington House, near Dartford, a Queen Anne house, with 11½ acres and two cottages; and Ranald Halstead, Knockholt, a labour-saving residence with 1½ acres. **ARBITER.**